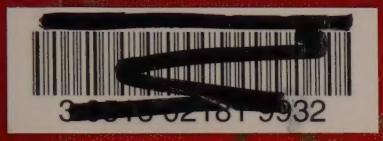

# Opinions of A Cheerful Yankee

*Irving Bacheller*

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D'RI AND I
DARREL OF THE BLESSED ISLES
THE LIGHT IN THE CLEARING
EBEN HOLDEN
A MAN FOR THE AGES
FATHER ABRAHAM

# OPINIONS
*of a*
# CHEERFUL YANKEE

*By*
IRVING BACHELLER

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*The Quest for Happiness*

# OPINIONS OF A CHEERFUL YANKEE

## THE QUEST FOR HAPPINESS

For many years now I have been watching the pursuit of happiness. What a beating of bushes! What a scurrying hither and thither I have seen! It would appear that most people regard happiness as a kind of wild rabbit which they must hunt and capture. They pursue it with horses and hounds and ships and high powered motor cars. They stop at no expense. Yet I have not known a pursuer to capture happiness. They return to their homes disappointed. Often they have found the Angel of Happiness, after searching the world for her, waiting for them on their own door steps and she has welcomed them and for a day or two they have been filled with the light of her countenance.

"At last," they say, "we have captured her."

Then, suddenly, she is gone.

"What we need is more money and a bigger house," some of them have said.

And this has been a too common plea: "If I had another husband or another wife—some one who really loved me and my great purpose—then I should be able to find happiness and I am sure that she would stay with me."

All these incidents of the chase I have witnessed and the tragic failures which have followed them. I have come to think that no one who pursues Happiness can ever hope to catch her. And here I am in accord with good authority. Mr. Herbert Spencer has said that life consists in being in correspondence with environment. What then is happiness but a full correspondence with a good environment? How may one achieve it if his environment is forever changing?

When I was a young man I began to look for those who had solved the great secret. I saw much unhappiness in the big city. I was rather unhappy myself among strangers. A successful business man befriended me. He was well-dressed, cheerful and respected. He gave freely of his time and substance to help the poor. He had a handsome and devoted wife, a luxurious home and beautiful young children. I said to myself: "Here is a happy man."

One night he came late to my lodgings. His face was pale and drawn, his eyes haggard. He told me the story of his life. When he was a young man he had

taken a crime upon himself to save his father and had served a term in prison. For years he had been paying blackmail to keep his family from disgrace. At last it was going to overwhelm them. He had learned that a certain newspaper had the whole story in type and would print it next morning. Would I go and see what I could do? I went and the story was killed, but always he was like one living under a cloud full of whirlwinds and thunderbolts. He ate his meals in fear and his days were full of worry, all because he was in need of courage. So I concluded that to be happy one must be free of fear, assured that the man he is, not the man he has been, is of vital importance. This poor fellow really had some reason to feel a pride in that dark secret, but the thought of his proud wife and delightful children shook him with a mighty trembling when it threatened.

I think that the happiest face I saw in my young manhood was that of Oliver Wendell Holmes. He was nearing "the lonely summit of four score" when I went to call on him in Boston.

"Come and sit down by the fire," he said. "I have finished a long task and I am as happy as a chicken that has just laid an egg."

There was the glow of happiness in the face of this man. I know little of his life but the talk and the look

of him gave me an abiding faith that he had learned the great secret. I think that about half of it lies in finding the task that one loves and to which he can give his strength lavishly with increasing joy as the years go on.

There was one man who above all others I wanted to meet. No author of my time had so stirred the great deep of human nature. He knew the human comedy as no man had known it. He was an inexhaustible fountain of joy. His jocose spirit had swept over the earth and as it touched the hearts of men they had been like reeds shaken by the wind. It would have been hard to find a civilized man who had not laughed at the drolleries of Mark Twain.

"He must be the happiest man in the world," I said to myself. "I want to know him."

I went to see him one day at his home in Hartford. He was in a room, up-stairs. A billiard table was in the middle of it. I thought him one of the saddest-looking men I had ever met. Of course it was a serious matter to have a brave reporter break into the china shop of his meditations. He sat with his feet on a window sill and smoking a cob-pipe, looking out thoughtfully at the snow-covered landscape. He said that for weeks he had been unable to write anything fit for a better fate than feeding the fire-place.

He had fed the fire-place until he was sick of it. His stuff burned well. That was all he could say for it. He was in a beautiful home with a devoted wife and a number of children and yet he did not look or talk like a happy man.

Some years later he came to luncheon with me at a little Bohemian club organized by myself and Stephen Crane and Edward Marshall and Willis Hawkins, all editors or special writers on the metropolitan press.

"It doesn't agree with me, therefore I'll eat it," he said of the mince pie. "I have always stuck to things that didn't agree with me until one or the other of us got the best of it. Of course I'm a fool. God made me so. Therefore if you can not forgive me for my own sake, forgive me for God's sake."

In a drawling melancholy tone he said to me:

"Bacheller, I am careful about the ending of a story. I try to put a double snapper at the end—one to start the effect I am seeking, the other to prolong it. I have just thought of a story and I don't know how to end it. A man born on a farm in the country went to a great city and made a handsome success. He had never married. When the story begins he is a middle-aged bachelor. One day he is thinking of the old home and of the pretty girl he had played with and admired in his early school days. She had never mar-

ried. Perhaps it was because she had been fond of him. He decided to return to the scenes of his youth and look her up. He went back to the familiar rustic neighborhood. Mary, the girl, was away on a visit but would be returning in a day or two. He tramped over the trails he had known as a boy. He visited the friends of his youth who were still to be found in that countryside. In his brother's top buggy he traveled the familiar roads and one day when he was driving on a lonely highway he saw the beloved brook and the old swimmin' hole. It was hard by the wayside, a little beyond a point where the old road came out of a strip of woods. He was hot and dusty. What would be the matter with having a swim in that deep clear pool where he had found one of the great joys of his boyhood? There was almost no travel on that back country road. Why shouldn't he do it? He was in a land where there were no bathrooms. The temptation was too much for him. He fell. Hitched the horse, took off his clothes and dove in with the reckless abandon of a boy. He came out and dried himself with his hands in the old way. He got on his undershirt and his overshirt and his collar and necktie. He heard a team coming and voices back in the woods. They were near. He had not time to put on his drawers and trousers. So he jumped into the buggy and drew

the lap robe over his nakedness and sat there waiting for the team to pass. In a minute he saw to his dismay Mary, the girl of his dreams, and other members of her family coming in a double wagon. She was returning to her home.

" 'Hello, Mary!' he called.

" 'Hello, Bill! where are you stopping?'

" 'Over at my brother's.'

"She got out of the wagon and came to greet him. To him she looked as charming as of old. Suddenly she asked:

" 'May I get in and ride with you?'

"Now, my question is: how is he going to answer her? What can he say with her standing eagerly at the side of the buggy and looking up into his face?"

"Perhaps he would say: 'Yes, if you will let me have all the lap robe,' I suggested.

"But how about the trousers?" he demurred. "That is a valuable pair of trousers lying beside the brook and they are bound to increase in value as the day proceeds."

We who sat around him were roaring with laughter but his face and voice did not change. They would have become an undertaker at a funeral. Was he a consummate actor or was there behind his humor a background of melancholy never quite concealed? Well, undoubtedly he was a great actor, but the note

of melancholy was no part of his acting. It was a part of *him.*

The next time I saw him he was lying in bed at his home on Fifth Avenue. I imagine it was the ex-bed of some old king or emperor. It was an immense thing of richly carved mahogany. He was propped on pillows with his meerschaum pipe in his mouth.

"Bacheller, I have been thinking of my nose," he said. "I hate the damn thing. It turns down so. It goes too far. It irritates me."

These were characteristic sentences. They carried the note of self-inspection. That was, I think, the key-note of his character. Intellectually he was a gigantic, if not quite a full-furnished man. In his own heart were the loves and passions and frailties of the great multitude of his brothers. Added thereto was a genius for self-expression the world has rarely seen. Mark Twain was his piece of soil and he worked it well. He was kind and just and noble-hearted. But he lacked one thing—the spiritual eye—which added to the great humanity of Lincoln the unlimited strength and vision and patience of a god, it seems to me. It was the bridge of faith between his heart and the Great Source of power across which angels came to bring him comfort in his days of need. In spite of his sorrows, Lincoln was a profoundly happy man and the greatest dis-

penser of comfort and happiness the world had seen since the tragedy of the green hill of old. No one has quite sounded the keynote of his character. You get it when you see him sitting in council at night with the boy Tad asleep in his lap or on the rug at his feet and when he arises by and by and excuses himself and carries the lad up-stairs. You get it when you see him bending over the cot of some young wounded soldier or when he is forgiving one of his boys. It is in the phrase: "Father Abraham,"—lover and forgiver of the young. It is love of man—the first stepping-stone toward the love of God; faith in men the first step toward faith in God. Mark was a hopeless cynic. In the view of this incomparable humorist, birth was a misfortune and life a pathetic doom of inescapable miseries. He was one of the unhappiest of men.

I had heard much of Mr. Andrew Carnegie. There were not more than three men in the world who had greater wealth. He lived in palaces. He enjoyed the friendship of great men. He had studied the art of converting his riches into human welfare. His fame had traveled to the ends of the earth. I imagined that he must be the happy man I sought. When my wife and I were invited to visit his home in Scotland we were glad to go. We had a delightful journey up the Caledonian and Crinan Canals to Inverness in the

north. We journeyed on, coming at last to the great estate of our fellow countryman stretching over the heathered hills and valleys of Sutherlandshire from the Firth of Moray. The Laird and Lady gave us a hearty welcome. There we found the old baronial life of bonnie Scotland. At seven A. M. the piper in his kilts awoke us as he strutted around the castle playing his pipes. The great organ sent its cheering reveillé up the stairways and through the halls. Then breakfast and plans for the day's pleasure—fishing, yachting, driving over the hills and golf—for there were some twenty guests. In the morning, when he was waiting to set out on the adventures of the day, Mr. Carnegie was apt to be playful. Now and then he would stand in the midst of his friends by the front door and sing some old Scotch ballad, waving his cap with dramatic fervor. Then he had the look of a happy man. In the evening we marched in to dinner behind the piper in black velvet with waving sable plumes. After dinner there were musicians to entertain us. Then often Mr. Carnegie sat with his head resting on his hand, looking downward—a sad-faced man. It was a characteristic look and attitude. My friend, General Henderson, a guest in the castle, said to him one evening:

"Mr. Carnegie, you look sad. A man so rich in friends and treasure and the consciousness of large accomplishment should be the happiest of men."

"My friend, I am thinking that the time is near when I must leave it all," he answered. "I would like to trade most of my treasure for a guaranty of twenty years of life and health."

In the midst of great abundance he felt the need of something which he could not buy.

How often I saw him in later years looking down sadly with his head resting on his hand and doubtless with that haunting shadow in his mind. He was a great and good man but he was not the happy man I had been seeking. He too needed the eye of faith.

In 1898 when I was one of the editors of a New York newspaper, I went to talk with Hetty Green—the richest woman in the world. She was a frank and bitter cynic and a most unhappy person, I thought.

I have since learned that wealth has greater success in preventing than in securing happiness. I say this after a fairly intimate acquaintance with men and women who had it.

In France I met a woman of great wealth as to whose happiness I entertain no doubt. I had gone out to Compiegne during the war. While there I went to see the hospital for the treatment of burns with a remedy just discovered, called ambrine. A good-looking nurse showed us patients in different stages of recovery, unwinding the bandages which covered their wounds and with gentle hands applying the ambrine.

She was a motherly young woman who went with us from room to room. The sick men were fond of her. When we were leaving the hospital we were told that it had been built by the Baroness de Rothschild, who wished us to dine with her at her chateau that evening. When the day ended we presented ourselves at the château. The Baroness in evening dress and jewels was a charming woman. She gave us a hearty welcome and said:

"Gentlemen, you do not seem to know me. I am the nurse who showed you through the hospital this morning."

She enjoyed our astonishment and told us that she went to work with the wounded every day from nine until four. Her face shone with happiness and good health. I am convinced that the satisfaction that comes of human service will bring happiness although it may not be able to hold it. One must have something greater even than the consciousness of work well done to keep happiness.

I used to see much of John Burroughs. What a picturesque and beloved figure! What a gentle spirit was his! His eye had looked deep into the heart of nature. He knew birds and beasts and trees and flowers as no other man knew them. His essays had delighted me. I looked forward to his first visit in our home, con-

fident that I was to meet the happy man I had been seeking. I had never met a famous man who was so real, so purged of vanity and affectation, so sincere, so simple. We tramped in the woods together. We sat side by side in the twilight and heard the hermit-thrush ringing his silver bells and saw the wild deer coming into the lily pads. I soon learned that I had to look further for the happy man I sought. In his talk there was a note of unsatisfied curiosity, in his face a look of sadness. Always he had been a seeker after tangible evidence. He could accept no other. In a world full of miracles and mysteries he could believe in nothing beyond the reach of his senses. With all his knowledge I felt that he knew not the one thing which he longed to know.

Some years ago we journeyed for rest to Hot Springs, North Carolina, in a valley of the Great Smoky Mountains. There, one day, my wife went to a meeting in the mission school. At the hotel that evening she told me of having met a wonderful human being—an old mountain woman who kept a little boarding-house in the village. We went to see her. Her form was bent with toil but her voice and countenance had a singular sweetness and gentleness. She greeted us with a cheerful smile and a merry word. We sat with her and as she sewed she told us the amazing story of her

life in the mountains. We saw her often and always in her voice and look and manner was the unmistakable note of happiness. "Is it possible," I asked myself, "that this poor woman has the priceless treasure which my rich friends had not?—the much-desired knowledge my learned friends had found it impossible to acquire?"

"Was she always so?" I asked the people who knew her.

"Always," they answered.

Still I could not believe it and did not until we had brought this woman, who had never ridden on the cars before, to our home in the north, and lived with her a month. Then we knew that the great treasure was hers. The secret of how she came by it is in the story of her life—a curious fact for I have not known a life so full of hardship.

She had been born in the mountains and had spent most of her life there in a little cabin. She had had nine children. Her sister lost her health and she had brought up five of her children; her brother had died and she had taken two of his children into her heart and home. She had been a friend to all the mountain folk of her vicinity, nursing the sick and "taking the blues off" her neighbors.

This is what she said of her courtship and marriage:

"I never talked to no boy much. Onct when a boy come an' asked me to go to meetin' with him I had a dish o' coffee to grind up an' I were so skeered I swallered a button an' what I done with the coffee I never did know—never twil this day. Onct when I went to a neighbur's an' borryd a gourd o' soap I see a boy runnin' to ketch up with me. I run like a skeered b'ar an' kep' out o' his way. I were so 'shamed o' that gourd o' soap. He couldn't a ketched me if he'd been a horse.

"There were a neighbur's boy, John Gentry, had often come an' holped me with my work. He weren't purty—just a big mount'in huger but my! I did love him, he were so good to me.

"I got married an' left my mammy who were always peckin' me over the head with a stick. Nex' day we tuk a honeymoon walk of twenty-five mile to Marshall. 'Twere rainin' when we got there late in the evenin' an' we were wet so our shoes sucked.

"John asked me: 'Be you happy?'

" 'Only one thing could make me ary bit happier,' I says.

" 'What's that?' says he.

" 'A weddin' ring.'

" 'You cain have hit, honey,' says he, an' he done bought hit that night."

She pointed to her ring, now worn to a thread of gold.

"John hired some land an' built a pole cabin. Just little logs 'twere made of. We had a bed back in the corner with one leg on hit. If any one come near when he were away I hid under that bed. I just saved every feather an' put 'em in a poke that hung by the fire-place.

"Never see no money. Saved everything else er I reckon we'd a starved. All summer I'd kindly scratch up the sunlight an' save hit for the dark days. Hit come handy when the childern all got the measles an' I got hit too. Holped me to take keer o' them an' do the work. Holped me when one get the tyford. Sometimes at night the spoon would drop out o' my hand an' wake me up an' tell me to tend to my work.

"We had nine children. Sunday mornin's in the summer I'd be up early an' milk an' git breakfast an' the children ready. Then we'd leg hit off three mile to Sunday School. Got home in time to git dinner. The sun would be hot on the little uns comin' back. We'd have to pick up the littlest an' carry 'em 'gin we got home. If I were 'lone I'd be totin' three to onct part o' the way,

"Often in plantin' er hoein' time pappy an' me ud work all night together on the cove. 'Bout the only

chanst we had to visit like we used to done. We'd have our suppers at midnight an' go back an' scratch around on the slick mount'in side twil daylight come an' the babies 'gun to holler. Nex' day I'd be kindly tired—I would. I'd lay down on the bed twil I'd see some little feller come in with holes in his breeches. Then I'd climb out an' pray an' take up my burden.

"Some days I'd leave the babies with pappy an' go off to mill with half a bushel o' corn—two an' a half miles an' back. Kindly enjoyed hit on a purty day—hit were so still an' nice in the woods. Rested me. They missed me dreadful when I got gone an' the babies would holler lonesome.

"No, mister, never lost a child. One day my littlest were clombin' a log fence an' pulled the top log down on him an' smashed his leg just below the hip. Oh what a night I had! Gritted my teeth together an' held the little feller in my arms an' he yellin' like a painter g'in the doctor would come. Tuk fourteen hours to git him thar but he done tinkered that leg an' saved hit.

"I were turrible skeered onct. 'Twere plantin' time an' the rain crow were singin' purty. I tuk some corn an' punkin seed an' the baby an' the pack o' children up the mount'in to where their pappy was. Then I made a bark cradle—jist girdled a hickory and tuk off a round o' bark as long as the baby.

"Then I cut off a part o' hit, made a smooth shelf on the slant with my hoe, put the baby in the cradle and rocked her to sleep. Then we set the little girl down beside her, and went on with our work. Hit weren't long 'fore I dug out o' sight from the children eround the hill. Then I heard the oldest un come cryin':

"She says: 'The baby's gone.'

"That skeered me for I thought hit might be burned up. We had a log heap fire below the little un. So I went back jist as hard as I could, an' called pappy and he come runnin' up, an' we couldn't get no sight o' the baby anywhars.

"So we started down the hill. I reckon we went three hundred yards and no sign o' hit.

"I said: 'Hit's burned up in the log heap, I know.' So we went back and saw no signs in the log heap, and we went erway down the slant and come to a level bottom and we went fifty yards in the level ground, maybe further, and we found that baby in the blackberry br'ars so thick that I couldn't put my hand in to get the child without gittin' stuck to pieces. She'd rolled by the fire an' whirled on down the steep slant. Pappy went to the house and got a mowin' blade and mowed out the br'ars an' got the baby. She were kindly wedged in the br'ars. The sun had shined on that bark cradle an' it had shet up on the baby tight as the hide on a sick

mule. She had got to wigglin' when hit pinched, and had rolled over the aidge and gone down the mount'in side. Pappy done tuk the bark off o' her and she wasn't hurt a bit."

In the mountains she had been known as "the revenue lady" because she and another woman had tramped back in the wilderness and located a wild still which had been "spoilin' up the boys" and put it out of business. The woman was so beloved that she was able to accomplish this without danger of being shot. She had courage and strength of will, as well as gentleness.

So great a charity of spirit I have found in no other human being. Beside it that of our distinguished philanthropists is as a candle to the noonday sun, for their giving has relieved instead of increasing their burden and has involved no discomfort to themselves.

Her patient, deep humanity is a thing I like to dwell upon. One day she said to me:

"We loved the children. Good land, mister, when the last baby walked out o' my arms I felt kindly cold an' lonesome. Babies are good company. Ye can visit with 'em. Ye don't know what Heaven is, honey, twil ye've held it in yer arms, year a'ter year, as I done."

"How could you keep yourself happy through those hard years?" I asked.

"How could I holp it, mister, with the peace o' God

in my heart and the children to love an' work for," she answered.

The great gift of God had come to her—she knew not how—the eye that sees. Would you have it? It comes not of learning or of wealth or of any conscious effort to attain it, I am sure, but only by considering the lilies how they grow. Spontaneously of a certain seed, they bring beauty and an odor fit for paradise out of the black earth. What a mystery! What a miracle is the lily! And true happiness is also a mystery and a miracle.

After all, does not the great secret lie mostly in the love and service of the young. Christ was above all a lover of the young—was He not?

Here where I write in the midst of the uproar of a great city, every day I hear a bird singing a phrase of music. The sound of motor engines, the clatter of riveting machines, shouts and cries come to my ear and often the flute-like notes of some captive bird trained to whistle a single phrase. Over and over again that one little straw of music rises to my ear. It is the opening phrase of the familiar hymn:

"My Faith Looks up to Thee."

The notes are so clear and sweet that the many tongues of the city can not drown them. Above the

sordid clamor day by day I hear his golden message ringing. This little bird reminds me of Jane Gentry in her cabin home.

After all there is but one real luxury in the world. It is composed of five things,—home, children, love, faithfulness and the work that goes with them. They can produce happiness and yet if one is to keep it through all vicissitudes he must also have faith in something greater than all the loves and joys of this world.

*Why I Am Not Afraid to Die*

## WHY I AM NOT AFRAID TO DIE

I USED to wonder a little at the serene faith of the old; at the cheerfulness and courage of those who were standing in the very edge of the shadow of death, under sentence, as it were, with the day of doom so near that they could hear the cocks crowing for its dawn. Still, they were unafraid. They were just common, everyday folk—good men and women but not saints.

Now as I travel rather lonely—for the thought of those who fared along with me through the morning and the heat of the day and who have left me and the road—I wonder no more. I can see that the day is far spent, and I begin to have that serenity of faith which had excited my wonder. I feel, more and more, like one going home. Going home is a good part of the occupation of every living thing. Home is the pole-star of life on this planet. It is a universal, ever-present force. Therein, I think, is a great truth.

Some time ago I read an account of the capture of a giant tortoise on the coast of St. Helena by the crew of an English vessel. Its size was so unusual

that the captain decided to transport it to England as a gift to the London Aquarium. Accordingly the creature was hoisted to the ship's deck and removed some five thousand miles from its native island. The ship encountered a storm in the English Channel. The captive went overboard in the sea wash. A tag had been attached to its shell. A year or so later, the great tortoise was discovered again on his native beach.

The habits of the salmon, for which I go a-fishing every summer, have been carefully studied by the scientists. They catch and tag them, and give them back to the sea and its tributaries. It has been found that a salmon makes long journeys in the ocean and, unless he is caught, returns once a year to his home river—the one in which he spent his childhood and youth. He never makes a mistake about that. The tagged fish from the rivers of eastern Canada have been caught off the coast of Norway. More than once I have killed salmon with "seal marks" on them —made when they escaped from the jaws of those furry bandits of the sea.

It would appear that everything which swims or goes on wing or foot has a hidden compass that guides it unerringly to its home. This homing instinct would seem to be as reliable as the law of gravitation, and as universal and mysterious.

Now, the desire for unending life is a deep-planted, imperishable thing in the soul of the normal man. In time, if all goes well with him, it becomes a kind of instinct, calming his fears and guiding him toward his heavenly home. In his silent thought it whispers to him—a word now and a word then—that all is well. He gets the faith and confidence of the dumb beast in its "compass" which never leads it astray. A man is a pilgrim forever breaking camp. His home it not long where he was born. It is where his dearest friends are. When they are mostly beyond the grave and he becomes aware of the fact, his home is there. Ever after, he is like a stranger in a far land turning homeward.

This much one may learn from the "pinheads" of creation, so to speak—those whose habits are governed by the mysterious power known as instinct. We find, too, that the still more commanding and mysterious thing called the human intellect is, and has ever been, pointing out the way to the heavenly home. It has done that as persistently as the needle of the compass points toward the North Star.

The most respectable object in this world of ours is the human intellect. If one is to take off his hat and bow his head to anything on this planet, that thing is the mind of man.

I once knew an old fellow who had no respect for his neighbors. They were good people—much better than he was. Let us call him Mr. Self. I wondered about it, until I learned that the man had so much faith in his own greatness and that of his family that he had none for other folks. There was nothing before or behind him but Selfs. Every event in history worth while had been accomplished by the Selfs, it would seem. They had even rushed to the front and won the Civil War.

There are many Mr. Selfs of varying capacity in life and history. Some of them are exceedingly clever men.

After much observation I seem to have learned that humility is the beginning of wisdom, and conceit the cause of spiritual infidelity.

Some men have no capacity for distrusting their own judgments. They elect themselves to the office of Supreme Justice of the Universe. Their conceit reaches out through infinitudes of time and space and law, and renders its decision. It is, in effect, that the rest of mankind, even the wisest, have been fools.

What an amount of respect for his own judgment must one have who puts it above that of the innumerable dead, many of whom have won immortal fame! If you rebuke him, he will appoint himself another Gali-

leo. Is he not like the young sophomore in college who tries God in the court of his youthful intellect, and condemns Him to insignificance and oblivion?

Every one of the great intellects of the past, so far as I can learn, from Homer to Abraham Lincoln, had a common faith in the soul of man and its existence after death.

If we try to find exceptions to this rule, the names of Voltaire and Paine will occur to us. Yet their contention was mainly against orthodoxy. Their attitude would seem to be that of the Pagan deists. So their authority, rather questionable at best, falls within the reign of faith. Milton expresses well the view of a commanding intellect as to the origin of all great accomplishment. He has written of his noblest creation these words:

> A work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapors of wine; nor to be obtained of Memory and her siren daughters, but by devout prayer to the Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and who sends out His seraphim with the hallowed fires of His altar to touch and purify the lips of whom He will.

I can not believe that such men were fools, the sport and plaything of some power which delights in filling the mind of man with false hopes and cheering

him with deception. I can not help thinking that the common conviction of the best intellects of all time must be founded upon the truth. So, unless I am prepared to acknowledge that I have a vast conceit of myself, I must believe that there is a God, and a soul in man destined to live after the event we call death, if it be worth saving.

Many a man have I seen nearing death; but never have I seen one who betrayed the least fear of it. The memory of these brave ones suggested to me the closing lines in *Eben Holden.* An unconscious, even an unbidden faith seems to come to those who need it. I suppose there are some who have sold or slain their souls so that they have nothing to be saved, but I do not believe there will be anything like the amount of damnation in the world to come which many of us expect.

Benjamin Franklin wrote: "I believe that the great multitude at the Day of Judgment who are expecting to see their neighbors damned will have to rest content with their own salvation."

The truth is our judgments are likely to be much at fault.

I remember returning to my home once in my boyhood after a day of sinful self-indulgence. I had a heavy sense of guilt, increased by two or three cheer-

ful lies. Suddenly I discovered that I was not fooling my father. In an hour of suffering and repentance I began to know how much my father loved me. The whole incident has been a great help to me. If he had turned me away from his home and heart forever, what would I think of him now? If this world has learned anything, is it not that love and mercy are the greatest things we know? Shall we not believe that our Heavenly Father has them and is most generous with them?

One evening, some twenty years ago, I met the reverend and distinguished Minot J. Savage. He had read a book of mine which interested him.

"I wish that we could sit down together some day for a long talk," he said.

"Come out to my place for a night, and we'll have a talking match," I answered.

"I'd love that, but I haven't time now for such a pleasure." He went on, "It reminds me of a story: Edward Everett Hale and I had known each other as boys. Years later we met. He was a famous man.

" 'I wish that we could sit down together for a talk, but I haven't the time now,' he said.

"We made an appointment. For some reason I couldn't keep it. Again and again we met and tried to agree upon a time and place for our visit, but with-

out success. We were both busy men. I sought him in his study and he sought me in mine, at different times, but we didn't find each other.

"The last time we met he was bent with age and infirmity. I suppose that I may have looked as old to him as he looked to me. We had only a few minutes together. He gently took my arm and said to me:

" 'Savage, when we meet across the border we'll go and sit down in some quiet corner and have that long-desired talk.'

" 'Don't you forget it,' I urged.

" 'I shall keep that in mind and be looking for you,' he answered."

It is the first appointment for eternity that I have known. We should all have faith like that of these wise old men.

In all the world there are no two persons who are exactly alike. Their faces, their manners, their voices, differ. You would know the voice of your friend, though you may have heard a million others since his came to your ear. It registers a note all its own. It is unlike any other. It is unmistakable. Every one is building up in himself something unique. We feel it even when it is silent. It lives in our memory as long as we live. What is it? We call it personality. If it has power, it is the most tremendous thing in

this world. We long to touch the hem of its garments. Curious crowds used to follow Franklin and Lincoln in the streets, feeling the power of that mysterious thing. There is a kind of divinity in it. Every other part of a man passes away. It literally dies. This thing alone lives and grows stronger as the body weakens.

Greater than His words or His deeds must have been the personality of Jesus. Is this thing to perish utterly? If so, birth becomes a misfortune, life a delusion and an injustice, and the power that rules the world a heartless, aimless thing. This to me is unthinkable. The strongest teaching of science is that nothing perishes.

But my faith is founded mainly upon certain miracles. I am aware that many balk at the Gospel miracles. I do not, but my faith has little need of them. I base it on miracles, proved beyond all question, on facts unassailed and unassailable. The corner stone of my structure is the miracle of the lonely, divine personality of Jesus. The contention as to His birth is to me very foolish because it relates to a circumstance in no sense vital. Did the words of the prophets relate to Him? I have no doubt of it, but with me that is not an essential point. The fact remains that His birth was the most prodigious and unaccountable event in recorded history.

A miracle greater than the raising of Lazarus from the kingdom of Death was the raising of Jesus from the kingdom of Herod. Think of the environment! The rotten body and the leopard soul of the Idumean tyrant, Herod, with his court of strumpets, sycophants, and grafters. The religion of the Jews was a mass of law, stern to cruelty, and largely outworn. Its God had become a heartless tyrant, kept on his throne, as one may say, by stoners, dagger men, and like murderous fanatics.

Undoubtedly the Jewish people were trying to preserve their nationality and culture, but they were also, and naturally, seeking revenge and conquest—a king who would change the seat of tyranny from Rome to Jerusalem, and fatten the land with the treasure of its oppressors. Theirs was a religion with little love or mercy in it. The best man in Jerusalem was stoned to death because he overstepped the letter of the law. The Jews were no better and no worse than the Gentiles, but their religious fanatics were the terror of the world.

Out of this wallow of moral rottenness and savage fanaticism and religious ferocity rose the Prince of Peace, the sweetest, wisest, most loving soul the world has known, even in far better days.

Josephus has described his environment in Galilee.

It was such as would naturally have produced in Nazareth a religious tyrant, a man of conquered friends and hated enemies. It didn't. It produced a man who won his friends by love, and who hated no one—not even his enemies. Here was a miracle of God greater than any recorded in the Gospels.

A tree growing to great stature out of a bank of salt without nourishment would be a miracle no more amazing.

Naturally, having declared himself, he could not live long so hopelessly out of harmony with his environment. He was rejected even by his own brothers.

The second miracle I am thinking of is one of vision, when, being unable to turn His people from the way of error, He foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, the coming of the day when not one stone should be left upon another. It came thirty-seven years after His death, when the army of Titus reduced the city, and when in a land about the size of the little state of Rhode Island one million two hundred thousand had perished, mostly by the savage hands of their fanatical brothers, and when the walls of the temple and the city were thrown down. If any such rate of slaughter had happened in the late war there would not have been a man left in the world.

Mark what He says:

Then let them which be in Judea flee to the mountains.

And let him that is on the housetop not go down . . . to take anything out of his house.

Neither let him that is in the field turn back again for to take up his garment.

(It is probable that the early Christians took the advice of their Master in some one troubled day of 66. There would seem to have been no member of the church in the city during the siege.)

For in those days shall be affliction, such as was not from the beginning of creation . . . unto this time, neither shall be.

Now in these last words is the great miracle of vision, for mind what happened to the host of people who had come up to the feast of the Passover and were trapped in the city, as recorded in the account of Josephus.

Mannæus, who had charge of one gate, and whose duty it was to keep a record of the bodies passing his way, and who fled to the Romans, reported to Titus that through his gate 115,880 bodies had been cast out during the siege. All this at a single gate. Other fugitives reported that the total number of the corpses of the poor which had been cast out exceeded 600,000,

not counting such as had received burial. At this time the dead were piled in large houses and the doors closed.

That Jesus should have foretold the destruction of the city and the temple is not surprising, but how could He have known that nothing since the beginning of the world would equal the horror of it? Those are almost the exact words of the historian who describes the scene. The point I make is that He must have had a power beyond that of men. Shall I doubt that such vision was unable to look beyond the grave?

I repeat that the man himself was a miracle. When that is realized, the separate acts in His life cease to tax our credulity.

Imagine the greatest prophet, the most inspired poet, the wisest philosopher, the noblest orator, the farthest-seeing statesman, the most loving philanthropist that ever lived—Socrates, Plato, Demosthenes, St. Augustine, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Franklin, Lincoln, all combined in one personality. Still, would it not be feeble compared with that of Jesus? All these men had their weaknesses. They would have had to be born again, to be purified, and strengthened. Even then can we imagine that our great composite man could achieve the divine stature which was able to reject all the kingdoms of the world and to accept a

cruel death, with a prayer for the forgiveness of those who inflicted it?

So can you not believe with me that Jesus had a power unique and above that of men?

Now as to the gospel story of the resurrection: There are those who would have us believe that it came of the strong hope, the vivid imaginations, and child-like credulity of His followers.

Still, we have an unquestioned witness who had not felt the spell of Jesus' personality until after the latter's death. He was a man who had been one of the persecutors. He had not been blinded by the new light until the day of his vision. He had refused to see it. He had not felt the magnetic eloquence of the Nazarene. He had fought against His teaching. There was no childlike credulity in that man. He had one of the keenest intellects of all time. His letters are of unquestioned authority.

Whatever may be said of the others, St. Paul has left an abundant and well-authenticated record of his life and work. They prove that he was not a man to be fooled. He had a revelation, apart from all others, which satisfied him and which turned him into the way of unselfish toil and martyrdom.

The evidence in support of the miracle on the road to Damascus is overwhelming. Whatever the nature

of the vision he saw does not affect the matter. Would you call it of no account, in view of the miracles of courage it inspired? Think of that one in the house of Philip, at Cæsarea.

And when we heard these things both we and they of that place besought him not to go up to Jerusalem. Then Paul answered: "What mean ye to weep and to break mine heart? For I am ready not to be bound only, but also to die at Jerusalem for the name of the Lord Jesus."

This from Saul of Tarsus, who had witnessed unmoved the stoning of Stephen!

Napoleon once said of Jesus substantially this: "Few men have had the number of devoted followers that I have known. In my presence they have done heroic deeds. In my absence not one of them would deliberately die for my sake. Yet many people have chosen deliberately the way of certain death for Jesus' sake. So I have to believe that He had a power above that of men."

The disciples had been with Him. They had shared His toils and troubles. They had heard His sermons and seen His wonderful deeds. They went out to spread the good tidings of the new law of life, which freed man from the cruel yoke of the ancient code. The old law was jealous of their work.

Great crowds came to hear them. They became a disturbing force in the empire. Naturally, in certain cities they had begun to interfere with business. They taught that vain glitter and fine raiment were of small account. No doubt the converted had ceased to buy extravagant things. The merchants and trade unions who paid taxes began to complain. They appealed to the magistrates; so did the priests. The latter had begun to observe depleted revenues and reduced attendance at the festivals.

The agitators were summoned to court. They were warned, persecuted, imprisoned. They went on with their work. Finally, one by one, they were commanded to desist or die.

They said, as we may find in the records, substantially this, "We can die. That is a little matter. But we can not desist, for we speak of things of which we know." One by one they suffered death.

Is not this a miracle of devotion? Yet it is only one of thousands. Miracles! My friends, the number of them is beyond counting.

Can you doubt a man's sincerity when he is willing to die for his faith? These men had seen the Master. They had been close to Him. They knew the truth. Who am I—almost two thousand years from those events—that I should doubt, in the face of testimony

written in the blood of cheerful and knowing sacrifice? Would I not need to blush for such conceit of myself?

Now, these early Christians were working on the theory that the second coming of Christ was at hand. They expected literally to see Him coming in clouds of glory. It was almost a fundamental hope of the church. They died disappointed. Decade after decade, century after century passed, and He came not. The hope died, but Christianity lived. That is to me a miracle of vitality. Not even the power of Rome could put it down with torture and chains and wild beasts and crosses. It conquered the unconquerable. It has survived its disappointments and errors and defeats. Empires have risen, and fallen into decay and vanished. Conquerors have swept over the face of the earth, breaking down the structures of the spirit reared by its toil.

Still it goes forward building them up again, clothed and filled with immortal youth, the one unconquerable thing that groweth not old.

All these things are in the whispers of which I have spoken; and more, vastly more, so that if they were written down no book would be large enough to contain the things I should write.

It is a mystery—this matter of listening in for the voice of God, and knowing when it comes to your ear.

Whitman has tried to express the recognition of it in these beautiful lines:

Whispers of heavenly death I hear;
Labial gossip of night—sibilant chorals;
Footsteps gently ascending—mystical breezes wafted soft and low;
Ripples of unseen rivers—tides of a current flowing, forever flowing;
Or is it the plashing of tears? the measureless waters of human tears?

*The Secret of Being Happily Married*

## THE SECRET OF BEING HAPPILY MARRIED

The editor has persuaded me that the following letter should be a part of this little record of my opinions.—THE AUTHOR.

MY DEAR SON: One thing I would not fail to leave you. It is the secret—if I may call it that—of my happy and contented life, a part of which you have shared. So, while the truth of the matter is clearly in my mind, I sit down to commit it to you in this letter. It will be a little history of my loves, the first of which was my love of men, all kinds of men, which was born in me.

There is no art so useful as that of making friends and keeping them. Yet this gentle art will be of slight service to any one unless it begins at home. There are many people who have not learned how to win and keep the friendship of a wife or a husband. They are careful to win and keep the friendship of those who command the way to success, but they are careless of him or her whose friendship is the thing most important to them. It commands the way to real happiness.

The love between a man and a woman is like a plant. It must grow or die. It can not stand still.

Nothing stands still. One's love either grows wider and deeper or it grows less. The first passion is not the real thing; it is only a phase of it, a kind of preparation. That will pass. It should be the beginning of that affection which endures and is patient. If it is to grow it must have the bread of friendship and mutual sacrifice to feed upon. Love is capable of miracles, but there is one miracle which it can not perform: It can not fast and grow strong. It is like every other thing that has life. It must be fed. When you get a wife, don't expect the ravens to feed her love for you.

I used to struggle anxiously for success in my business and later in my craft. It came slowly. I find now in its delay a great kindness. I have seen much water and many people going over the falls in my time. I have come to think that it is a misfortune for the young to achieve riches. The danger of disaster is too great. The strength of the young is for struggle. Therein is their great chance for real achievement and lasting happiness. What a rich and delightful comradeship I enjoyed in those years of hard work!

Once I saw a memorable meeting between old comrades of the Civil War. As they embraced each other tears ran down their cheeks.

"My God, sir!" one of them exclaimed, in explanation of his tears, "I love that man. He and I have

fought and bled together and shared the same piece of hard-tack."

It is the smooth and flowery path of ease that is dangerous. Shared troubles and hardships are the meat and bread of real affection.

If a man's wife has a good husband it is because she makes him that by loving, faithful devotion. For this is true—always true—they get from each other the things they sow.

If I have learned anything it is this: the foundation of a man's happiness must be in his home. Therefore his best thought and devotion should be given to it. His home is really the capital of his life. It is the great source of his inspiration. This personality may express itself in business, in art or politics and find great satisfaction in doing so, but he must find his crown of happiness in his loves and friendships that center in his home.

Now a word to you as to the art of making a home. It is mostly in the words *honor* and *judgment.* Most men and women could be happily married if they would put into the enterprise the same sense and honor that is needed in running a successful peanut stand. You could not succeed with inferior goods and dishonest measurements. You know the first step in making a hare pie is to catch your hare.

The first step toward making a happy marriage is a decent boy and a decent girl. The world is full of them. They are not hard to find. Nobody of ordinary common sense can long be fooled in choosing a mate. It's as easy to distinguish between a good and a bad person as it is to tell a straight from a crooked stick. The first important function of the human intellect is to help one in choosing his mate and his way. If one is foolish enough to marry without consulting his intellect as well as his heart, he is almost sure to be unhappy.

Once the well-chosen two are married the rest is mostly up to the man. He is the leader, the captain, the pathfinder. Much depends upon his honor and courage and good faith. At the altar he has taken upon himself the most solemn and binding obligation known to this world of ours. Before God and man he has promised to be true to the woman of his choice, and leaving all others to cleave to her. Does he mean it? Is he honest in this great undertaking—as honest as he would be with a business partner? Will he treat his wife with as much good faith as he gives to Smith and Jones, who are associated with him in the shop? Are the laws of God as sacred to him as the by-laws of his corporation? If so, there is not one chance in a hundred that his marriage will be unhappy, for the

wife will be apt to follow in his footsteps whichever way they lead. It is natural that it should be so.

We should all understand that a man who is a traitor to his home, who breaks the heart and spirit of his wife and brings discredit upon his children, is guilty of the grossest breach of honor of which a man is capable. I would sooner forgive him who defaults in the counting-room. There may be some faint flavor of righteousness in *his* motive, and he is always hoping to restore the sum he steals. In any event he is not seriously undermining the foundation of civilized life.

So many men try to stand on both sides of the fence in this matter—to be openly straight and secretly crooked. How sure they are to wreck their homes and build up a growing distrust of themselves! For here is a great truth. No man ever fooled his wife or community for long as to the exact condition of his character. It will come out, somehow, in whispers that travel like the winds of heaven. You might as well try to keep the air out of your house. Then, too, the human eye has a power which is little comprehended of seeing the truth. The eyes and ears of the world are against the transgressor and they are many.

The happy home must be founded upon honor and built of sound timbers if it is to stand against the winds and floods.

Now I do not need to tell you that I am no angel. I have been no anemic half-man. I know what temptation means. Men and women who stand against it will need all the strength they have, and perhaps even a little more. What do I mean by "a little more"?

Well you know I do not have much to say about my religion. It has been a rather quiet and unobtrusive detail in my life. I have not even been a church member until recently, but I yield to no man in my respect for religion, and years ago I began to have that love in me which, at its best, fulfills the law. To its demands I have given as freely as I could of my strength and substance. Nor have I neglected to seek help from the source of all strength. Have I received it? I dare not say that I have been so honored, but, anyhow, I have had faith and strength enough to keep my vows.

You will never forget the atmosphere which your mother created in the home which has been yours and mine. Simple as it was, the sacred light of beauty was there. It was loved and sought by many friends. That home had a voice, not of human lips, which spoke to one who entered it and seemed to say: "Here are peace and rest and comfort and perhaps even a greater treasure."

Whatever you have seen and felt in your home is

the natural expression of happiness. Slovenliness and and uncleanness are the voices of failure and discontent. Have you not observed that a happy spirit growing sweeter and cleaner, year by year, will clothe the body that holds it with a kind of beauty? The homely face of Abraham Lincoln became beautiful as his spirit developed and his ungainly physique assumed a majesty all its own. What is true of people is true of houses. A home will soon be beautiful, if its spirit is developing in the right direction; or unattractive, if its spirit is going wrong. It can not help being so. That spirit will inevitably find the art of expressing itself in dress, color, in furnishings, in music and in its associates.

You may wish to know what it is that makes for the right spirit in one's home. Broadly speaking, it is a proper respect for beauty in nature, art and personality, for good books, good pictures, good music, good people, good talk. It is the love of noble things and especially of friendship. The art of being a true friend is not well understood. There is an old saying that one who tastes your salt is sacred. Give him your best and protect him even from himself. We were wont to serve wine in our home but only in moderation. It is bad to gamble, but if one is so foolish he should do it at his club—never in his home. Nothing is

surer to break down its spirit. Gambling is built on love of gold; it is an offshoot of the root of evil. It is essentially a cold business, and one of its hazards is friendship. It is the natural soil of dissension and bitterness. Often I have played for small stakes as a pastime, but never in my home. No one ever left it with a sense of loss. I have told some racy stories in my time, but never have I told one in my home. I have tried to keep it a clean place.

You will have observed that your mother and I had learned the gentle art of keeping step. In the forty years of our wedded life a comradeship had grown up between us which was the subject of much comment. What a help and joy it was to me!

I remember a time when we were first married and we went to visit my old mother. We were sitting together in the twilight of a summer day. I recall that, as the light grew dim, my old mother talked to us of the gentle art of keeping step, of bearing and forbearing, and of the danger in hasty words. Of the things she said I remember little. She spoke of the danger of hasty words and of the many perils that lie in the path of those who have set out to make one structure of two lives. I do not try to quote her words but the substance of them is in the warp and woof of this letter.

We never forgot that evening. In a sense we were remarried. I would not have you think that our relations became suddenly ideal, but from that day we made rapid progress in the art of self-adjustment.

We made our home as attractive as our means would let us. Every one should do that, for his home is his gate to Paradise. If extravagance can be justified, it is in making a home. My wife had good taste, and I was fond of books. I bought a wagon-load of them at a shop in New York, and we sat up half the night waiting for them to come. We had fitted up a study opening off the back parlor and built a bookcase into its long walls. The books brought into our house a new atmosphere and source of inspiration. The best company began to feel at home there.

My life was a very active one. Often I was getting home late to a dinner which had been carefully planned and prepared for me. It was apt to be a spoiled dinner. Then there came a day illuminated and memorable with revelation. Hard times had come to us. Our goods were mostly in storage. We were living in a little flat in Tarrytown. At last I was working at home. I was trying my hand in a new task—that of writing a novel. My wife had gone to New York for the day. It was a delightful summer day. I

sat at my desk until one o'clock and got a bite to eat. I didn't know quite what to do with myself then. Oh, the loneliness of that little flat! I read a while. I sat and listened to the chirping of crickets and the drowsing of katydids. I worried. Suppose some evil thing should befall her in the big city.

I went to her bureau to look for a pair of nail scissors. What a treasure-box of dainty and beautiful things was that upper drawer! In what an orderly manner they had been laid away! Odors like the breath of dewy meadows came out to me. I looked in a box covered with red silk and embroidery. It held a package of letters bound with the daintiest pink ribbon. I took it out of the box—a bundle of my old love-letters—so carefully stored away! Why should she treasure them? I sat down and read them over. How boyish, how sophomoric, how crude, they were!—how utterly artless! How much better I could say it now! Yet she loved those silly letters. They were dear to her or she would not have put them away so carefully, so daintily. I returned the letters to their resting place and lay down upon the cushioned sofa. Oh, what a lonely place it was! I began to think of the past.

Eighteen years had gone by since that evening when we had sat together at the feet of my old mother, in the twilight, and listened to her wise counsel. They had been hard years full of anxious toil and small ac-

complishment. I could see that, as a husband, I had been more or less of a failure. She had seen little of me save when I had returned to her, often at midnight, worn out by the burdens of the day. How many lonely hours, like these I was now spending, had been hers! I had given her much, and yet I had given her not half enough of myself.

An idea came to me. She would be returning on the 6:10 train. She would be hungry and tired. I would have a dinner, fit for a queen, ready for her when she arrived! There would be fresh-cut roses on the table. I would broil a choice beefsteak basted with strips of bacon. I would have mushrooms and new asparagus and fresh tomatoes and lettuce and strawberries just out of the garden, and a pint bottle of cream and coffee—for she loved my way of making coffee. I went out for a walk, and then I did my shopping with the greatest care. The beefsteak was cut from the loin of a young steer and was two inches thick. I returned a little before five with my arms full of roses and ferns and smilax. My goods were lying at the door. I got the fire going and set and decorated the table as if it were to hold a wedding-feast. I made the salad and dressed the mushrooms and began my cooking. What fun I had anticipating her surprise and pleasure! The steak was ready, beautifully browned, under its melting crown of golden butter.

Put on as much butter as you think you need and then double the quantity. That was my rule in serving a steak. How delicious it looked, and its aroma was perfect! The mushrooms were ready. The strawberries were heaped in saucers of ancestral china and set upon graceful mats of smilax. The coffee was in the pot. The asparagus was steaming on the gold-rimmed platter. It was 6:20. She would be coming in a minute or two. I went and looked out of the window to see if she was near. Five minutes passed. I began to be anxious. What could have happened to her? I drew a chair to the windowside and sat watching, a quarter of an hour and still no sign of her.

"Good heavens!" I said to myself. "Isn't that like a woman? A man works himself tired to please her and she——"

I went to the stove. The steak was getting dry. The mushrooms had shriveled. The asparagus had a dejected look. I was irritated. The clock struck seven. I didn't care what happened now. My exertions had wearied me and I threw myself on the sofa to rest. Gosh! What a rankling, bitter sense of baffled effort filled my soul!

At a quarter after seven the bell rang. It was growing dusk. I arose and opened the door. There stood my adorable wife with a sweet smile.

"Hello dear!" she exclaimed as we kissed each other. "How are you?"

"About all in!" I answered. "What in the world kept you so late?"

"Met an old friend and we sat down to talk in the station. Why, what is the matter? You look so cross."

"Anybody would be cross who had been treated as I have. Just look in the dining-room," I said.

She followed me with exclamations of delight through the dining-room and into the little kitchen. "Look at the dried beefsteak," I went on sadly. "Look at the mushrooms that are like India rubber. Look at the asparagus that has turned cold and stale. Look at your spoiled husband. If there were a man's page in the paper, I should write a letter to it on the subject of neglected husbands who spend their days in loneliness and their strength in preparing dinners doomed to lie on a cooling stove until they are ruined."

We fell into each other's arms and laughed, and then we put the food on the table and sat down and had a wonderful hour together. She declared it was the finest dinner she had ever eaten in spite of its staleness. I—well I was a wiser man after that, for I had tasted the bitter cup which is so often touching the lips of women.

I laid aside my novel to join the editorial staff of a great morning newspaper. We were living in New York. My wife fell ill. Her mother and a well-known physician were attending her. I returned to the apartment from my task one morning at two o'clock. A serious change had come over the patient. I could see it in her face. I went out and found one of the best physicians in the city and brought him to the bedside. It was none too soon. My wife was being mistreated. The doctor told us what to do. What an amount of anxious toil for her sake went into the next few nights and days! It was that timely help which carried her over the danger point.

"How silver sweet the sound of lover's tongues
by night!
When the eager youth seizes
The white wonder of dear Juliet's hand
And steals immortal blessing from her lips!"

True, but never so sweet are they as in the night of pain and utter discouragement. Then, indeed, you get the full sweetness of the lover's tongue and a blessing from tender lips truly immortal.

I know, for I had my turn of sickness and suffering and had learned what a good wife can do to keep a man in courage when it is growing faint. Together

we had suffered failure, the pinch of hard times, the anxieties of sickness, the peril of great loss. A man and wife who have not stood, side by side, through such troubles may perhaps be fortunate, but they have missed the priceless thing which, if borne with good courage, makes a man and woman one and inseparable and gives them a peace and power beyond all measurement. We had stood the final trials of the thing called love and had entered upon a new era in our wedded life.

Success came to us swiftly, unexpectedly. It enjoyed our company as we enjoyed it. We were turning forty. The spirit of youth was still in us. Is it any wonder that when a degree of wealth had come to me I threw it at her feet and said: "It is as much yours as mine. I want you to go to the bank with me and leave your signature. Henceforward your check shall be honored, like my own, whenever it is presented." Always, after that, she had no need of asking me for any treasure which she desired.

She was wont to claim that an allowance would have suited her better, as her privilege had made her extremely careful. That was strictly true. Why should a man wait until he dies to trust his wife implicitly?

So now you know how simple is the secret of our

happy life. We had no more love for each other than have most boys and girls who marry. But we managed to keep and increase our love instead of killing it and mainly by being honest with each other. For all that I claim no credit. I should not have told you all these things save that you and others have made me believe that it ought to be told. If a time has really come when honor between men and women is in need of my humble recommendation, I give it freely.

I go on, as of old, seeking, day by day, the things we loved together; companionship and beauty and a busy life.

*A Hundred Laughs in the Holy Land*

## A HUNDRED LAUGHS IN THE HOLY LAND

Often the antiquities of Cairo are misplaced. At Shepheard's Hotel we were served ancient and desiccated oranges in March. They should have been in a museum and not in a hotel. The same is true of the newspapers in its reading-room. There, if for a moment I may enjoy the license of the street historians, are the identical copies of the *Paris Herald* and *London Times* read by Rameses III. And when one's bill is rendered he gets the illusion that he must have been living for ages under the roof of that caravansery. It is like the moment of uncertainty and exploration which follows the recovery of consciousness in a dentist's chair. Shepheard's is the exact center of suction in the East—the great vortex through which the money of the tourist pours into Egypt. The main whirlpool is surrounded by minor vortices through which streams of small silver are forever flowing.

Outside there are many beggars to the block—half-naked children, ragged women with babies in their arms, the misshapen, the blind, clamoring, in voices well-trained, for alms. Oh, what melting, pleading,

tremulous, woe-filled tones! Yet I am told by good people who live there, and who doubtless know whereof they speak, that these beggars are well off—some of them even rich. Sobbing for silver is one of the fine arts of Egypt. It is also a thriving, national industry. Its plant is the public street. Rags and deformity and some skill in acting are its capital.

Then there are peddlers of beads and nicknacks who pursue and importune the tourist and magicians who mystify him with their magic. Through these skillful agencies one feels the mighty vacuum of the East pulling at his pockets.

Thus do the Moslems prey upon the sensitive heart of the wandering Christian. Above one's head the air is patrolled by hawks. They are sacred creatures. The souls of the dead are supposed for a time to live in these winged bandits of the air. After a week in Cairo, one gets the impression that a pair of claws and a hook would satisfy the Egyptian Arab's dream of happiness. The hawks have devoured all the song birds of Egypt. In the two weeks of my stay there I heard no bird song. The hardy and prolific sparrow can barely hold its own. Sitting on my balcony at Luxor as night fell, I counted twenty-nine hunting hawks in the air.

In all the Mohammedan world which I have explored, one hears but two songs—the braying of the

ass, which is the donkey's effort at romantic self-expression, and the Arab's love song, full of quavers, that sound like the bleating of a billy goat. One has a little more restraint than the other but they are both off the same piece. As music, it is a poor quality of goods. Like the water of Egypt, it should be boiled before it is taken.

The Moslem wears a turban and often a kaffeiah swathing his head and neck, even in the warmest weather. In this way he keeps his head hot and ready for a quarrel. He is, I should think, a born quarrel hunter—a Nimrod in the chase for trouble. I saw many fights and was often awakened in the night in Cairo by wild, Arabic yells of rage.

Cairo is a large modern city living on a background of history. In Jerusalem the ancient world seems still to be alive and active. Inside its gates the old city is almost untouched by the modern hand and spirit. I fancy that if David or Solomon were to return to it, they would know their way and feel quite at home in its narrow, crowded, stone alleys. These gloomy caverns in the walls on either side of you, the tools and methods employed therein, the merchandise of the bazaars, the dress and customs and faces of buyer and seller would all have a familiar look to Herod the Great if not to Solomon. There are the swarthy faces,

bent noses and picturesque costumes and long beards of ancient Israel. There also is the spirit of ancient times.

Palestine is almost a treeless country. Its people seem to cut everything but their whiskers. I saw miles of chin hair of diverse hue, full-grown, incipient, and ambitious. It is in a way a recompense for the conspicuous lack of other foliage. Yet the Jerusalem of to-day is not the city of David. It has been built above the ruins of the ancient city—some thirty or forty feet above them.

Almost every ancient monarch had an ambition to destroy Jerusalem. Whenever he felt the need of exercise in the open air and of getting away from his many wives for a rest, he tackled Jerusalem. Set in mountain fastness with a waterless, steep-slanting desert on the east and south and precipitous rock mountains on every other side, no king seemed to feel that he had a clear title to greatness until he had tried the valor of his troops in the difficult task of destroying Jerusalem. I do not wonder. There were moments when I felt like destroying Jerusalem myself and not for the purpose of merely showing off either. In olden days it was the smart thing to do and was done or partially done twenty-seven times. There has been an immense amount of smashing in Jerusalem. That

may be the reason why when there was any kind of a smash up on the farm, my father always exclaimed: "Jerusalem!" The word lends itself naturally to deep emotions.

Think of the vast number of rock missiles that were hurled over the walls of that city, of the broken furniture and crockery, of rocks crumbling under the battering ram, of the bones of the slain—1,100,000 perished there in the siege of Titus—of the rubbish left by the invading armies, and you will begin to understand the lifting level of Jerusalem.

The same smashing spirit is still in the East, but the restraining hand of the West is upon its shoulder. The natives have been turned from smashing enemies to smashing rocks for good roads.

The old city kindles a new feeling in the Westerner. Its narrow streets, like winding stairways, paved and walled with stone, its vistas and faces and costumes speak of a world almost stationary for three thousand years, of a people who, intellectually, have not broken camp since the days of Abraham. I felt as if I had entered another planet.

The new part of the city outside the walls is dirty and unattractive. A walk of five minutes covers one with dust. The new buildings along the Jericho Road on the hill-top are a crime. Such a talent for massive,

unique and depressing ugliness as their builders have shown I have not witnessed in all my travels.

My hotel was a punishment. I was denned up in a dank stone vault where I sat for two days smoking with an oil stove while I was trying to cough the dust of Jerusalem off my lungs. I had a bowl and pitcher and two quarts of hot water a morning with which to prepare myself for the day. After my shave, I had a quart left for my bath. I hate to have to plunge recklessly into a quart of water and spatter up the place trying to wash a rather large physique. After a time I got accustomed to canary bird methods.

Jerusalem is a city which relies upon the generosity of the heavens for its water supply. It is naturally an unreliable reservoir. It has no attachment for turning the water on and off to suit the convenience of Jerusalem. When I arrived there, the heavenly reservoir had been dry for many weeks and the people had turned to prayer for relief. Think of a city which, in this age of the world, relies upon prayer and the mercy of Heaven for its water supply! To the Western mind that looks like an insult to the Deity.

There are abundant rains and a wonderful watershed and rich men and a vast number of idle citizens and yet they depend on the mercy and bounty of God for water in dry times! Why not depend on their own industry and intelligence?

One must never forget that the old city is one of the great centers of ignorance, poverty, and able-bodied idleness. The number of strong men who sit on the side-walks leaning against the walls of Jerusalem or idling in cafés, is amazing.

The wells were surrounded by a clamorous crowd of women with their jars and cans seeking water. By and by lines of them with loaded heads would be marching homeward. Rebecca now carries on her head a tin can of the Standard Oil Company. Such is the water main of Jerusalem. Its plumbing is naturally in a condition not conducive to good health.

At the American colony I found delightful rooms warmed by wood stoves. The court of its villa is the only place in Jerusalem where I saw evidence of the slightest respect for beauty. The lonely cypresses in the garden of Gethsemane, the effect of which is ruined by a modern church, give to nature about the only chance it has to speak its various language in this ancient stronghold. Ground holders were taxed for every tree on their property. That, I am told, is why the trees have vanished.

There is a broad zone of dogs around Jerusalem. Somehow dogs and poverty seem to thrive in each other's company. In a way, they help each other along. The British have banished dogs from the old city, but

there is still a prodigious canine population outside the walls. It is a busy population. It works all night, every night. It knows no Sabbath. There is no night off for rest and recuperation. Possibly they may think that reflection is better than sleep for men and women. In my opinion they are trying to defend the city against a threatened invasion of jackals.

Lying in bed at night one may hear the prolonged, defiant, far-reaching cry of the jackal as if his people were also meditating the destruction of Jerusalem. Then all the dogs from the Valley of Jehosaphat to the Plains of Philistia—far dogs and near dogs—answer his defy with insulting denunciation. They review the whole history of the jackal race. There is no spokesman. It is a general outcry—a display of force. It is a long, joint oration. It does not stop suddenly. It gradually fades into a few scattering barks which indicate where the feeling is most bitter and uncompromising. At length a moment of silence. Again that high-pitched bugle note of the jackal and again the excited answer of the dog mob. I have heard them defending Jerusalem with the bark of honest toil from bedtime to daylight.

The ancient city is full of warring elements. I left it with the impression that in no place I have known is there so little of the peace of God and of the human

good will which His Son came to establish. It seems strange that at the great Easter festivals there should be, always, imminent peril of mob violence; that a large police force should be needed to maintain order in church.

When we were going to the celebration of the Holy Fire in the venerable church of the Holy Sepulchre, there was such a dense, pushing throng in its large entrance area that the police were using bull whips to hold the multitude in check before and after the doors were open. We had tickets for a place in a narrow balcony above one of the great arches. There we stood four and a half hours and saw the crowd gather and stand waiting in a dense mass between the walls and the narrow, roped aisles from entrance to altar and from altar to sepulchre which the police and the soldiers were maintaining. Each person had a handful of unlighted candles. I was told that if a Jew had dared to enter the church that day, his life would have been in danger. If this is true—and I believe it—the Lord must have regarded those proceedings with His saddest frown. By and by we heard a great stir in the entrance. A large procession of shouting, sturdy Mohammedans had come in and were forcing their way through the open aisle. The police and the soldiers tried to turn them back. Much strong arm work

was done but it was all in vain. If some one on either side had lost his head and drawn blood, I suppose that we should have witnessed a massacre. But no man lost his temper. The police and the soldiers abandoned their resistance and the Mohammedans marched on through and out of the crowd chanting their slogan against the Jews. It was merely a political demonstration.

At last the climax! A loud acclaim greets the aged, bearded patriarch supported by two acolytes when he issues from the tomb of the Saviour with the Holy Fire in his outstretched hands. He hurries through the open aisle to the altar. The crowd near him reach out their candles and get the fire from his and pass it to those behind them. Swiftly the flames spread throughout the great throng and in a moment every one is shouting and waving his lighted candles. The fire is supposed to be of divine origin and the people pass their fingers through the sacred flame and then rub their faces, as if bathing them.

Not here shall I speak of the deeper impressions made by following those footsteps which have given to the venerable city its chief claim to imperishable renown. I now seek to record only the outward characteristics of this most ancient of all lands which appeal to the lighter emotions of the visitor.

Before I go farther, I want to say that the British have a new and difficult problem on their hands and that not too much can be expected of them in their eight years of occupation. They are maintaining law and order—save in certain remote trans-Jordanic regions—and building good roads. The leading bandits have been hung, and the ancient industry of the highwayman has been practically wiped out. In Beit Jibrin however—a remote place off the main road—a beautiful young Moslem Apollo was limping on a leg bleeding from an open shot wound, inflicted by a bandit the night before our arrival, as he informed us. Nothing had been done for the boy and we dressed his wound with our First Aid remedies before leaving him. It would seem that they would as soon think of doctoring a sick goat as an injured boy in Beit Jibrin. No doubt they use about the same remedies that they did in the time of Herod.

Away up in Syria, on the coast road between Beyrout and Heifa, we encountered an ingenious form of banditry. It was our most thrilling adventure in the East. There the roads wind up the steep hillsides and are none too smooth. Just beyond the top of a hill was a hut with Arabs standing by its door. Opposite them in the middle of the road lay a scrawny, mangy, half-starved dog. He was a doped dog I have good reason

to believe. We put on the brakes and blew the horn. Slowly the dog got his block and tackle to work and lifted himself to his feet. He seemed to be paralyzed. We hit him with the left front wheel. The road was narrow, and we could neither stop nor dodge the dog. My driver saw the plan. The Arabs were expecting to sell us a dead dog. They would have had clubs and knives with which to emphasize their estimate of his value. We knew that he would be the most expensive dog in Syria. We didn't want him. The driver stepped on the gas and went off like a shot making a turn on two wheels. Down the road twenty rods or so a confederate was standing. The Arabs had given him a signal. He stood in the road with a large-sized stone in his hand raised above his shoulder. He tried to stop us but in vain. He hurled his stone but it fell short. He had intended to launch it into the windshield but had not time before it was necessary for him to get out of the way.

They will show there where most of the old heroes were born. I shall not blame any man for being born in Judea. I only blame a man for living there after he has learned how to walk and swim.

The holy places of Palestine were surrounded by an atmosphere of greed which is often revolting. In Bethany, on the site of the house of Martha and Mary,

a group of young lads dogged our footsteps, begging for backsheesh and volunteering information. They were mostly a pleasant-faced lot and before leaving I decided to give a small coin to each of them. When they saw the coins they fell upon us like a pack of hungry wolves, and before I could extricate myself my right hand was scratched. Such bestial greed I have never witnessed. Among them a gentle hand is apt to bleed. They are not accustomed to it.

At Bethlehem and other places one gets the glad hand from some genial man who greets him as if he were a long-lost brother. The tourist wonders for a moment where he has met this amiable creature. "How do you do?" he will say in broken English. "I have been in America. I was at the World's Fair in Chicago. Were you there?"

Beware of that man. He has a shop. He will dog your footsteps. He hangs on like a case of the measles. Shortly after, another long-lost brother appears. He seems inclined to embrace you. He wishes to sell you some goods. I resent those greedy money changers in the holy places of my faith. But after all, they are only trying to live in Judea. Many have tried it and failed. It has been the greatest slaughter-house of history. It has been always a hard place to live in. The better the man the greater the difficulty. If one has happened

to be indifferent to life, he has been able to find every reasonable aid and facility for getting rid of it in Judea.

The trouble begins at birth. I am told only a small percentage of the children of Mohammedan mothers survive. There was one such mother who lived near my hotel and who had saved only two out of nine children. The loss is due to their childlike ignorance as to the care and food of the young. Babies are stuffed with sweets and pastry. Only the strongest of the brood can live through it. Think of mince-pies and tarts and candies and crullers standing just beyond the gateway of life waylaying the young intruder with their clubs and daggers. If a child deserts Allah for a better God it becomes the duty of the mother or father to kill the deserter.

One is surprised by the crudeness of the entertainment which is offered him at the inns on his way to the north. Here and there men with dirty shirts and without coat or collar bring one's food to the table. The bread is generally impossible. The coffee more so. Flies are numerous. In one of the best inns we found that our loaf was an interesting cemetery in which a number of victims had been buried without benefit of clergy. No running water is ever in the bedrooms.

I like the people of Galilee better than those of Judea or Samaria. It is a lovelier country. Old and young are of a nobler countenance. We saw many beautiful child faces. In a carpenter shop at Nazareth I found a man making a plow—the same kind of a plow that has been used in Palestine for two thousand years. He had large eyes and an honest, kindly, most intelligent face. He did not heed me as I watched him. He was a strong, hard-handed man. When my guide spoke to him in the Arabic tongue, how gently he answered! It seemed to me that here was the identical type of man in which the Great Soul of that other carpenter was awaiting the fulness of time.

Nazareth is a deep basin. I wondered how the Immortal Boy who grew up there got His preparation, without a nobler outlook, until I was on the edge of the basin and saw what was below. There is the beautiful plain of Esdraelon with its twenty battle-fields and Naboth's vineyard. Eastward is the Valley of the Jordan and the far range of Gilead. In the distant west He would have seen Carmel and the blue sea and the ships of Tarshish. There, too, was the famous Jerusalem road so often thronged with pilgrims and the road from Egypt. Merchants were passing up and down this latter thoroughfare with their long camel trains. From far away the Midianite caravans could

be seen coming up from the fords of the Jordan. The caravans from Damascus wound around the foot of the hill. On the northern edge of the basin the people of Nazareth could see the Roman legions and princes, the latter with their litters and chariots, on the highway between Acre and Decapolis. Here was the playground of the boys of that Galilean village, and here the divine, poet-soul of the boy Jesus found its unique imagery and a part of its inspiration.

In those days Galilee was a rich and beautiful region. How often have I felt that beauty is a thing beloved by God, that no great soul can live and thrive where there is not beauty. There were forest-covered mountains, and the lovely, fertile plains. There and in the neighboring land of Phœnicia was the art of old Greece, beautiful cities with magnificent forums, temples and amphitheaters.

To-day the forests and the stately cities are gone. The mountains, save Tabor and Little Hermon, are towering bare ridges of gray rock. Here and there the steep sides are covered with avalanches of volcanic rocks as thick as autumn leaves. It is an incredible display of loose and solid rock that one sees in traversing Palestine and Syria. There is grandeur on all sides but beauty only in the plains and in the blue waters and high walls of Lake Galilee.

The wild flowers of April are a feature of the landscape which helped me to some understanding of the mental equipment of Jesus. The grassed slopes and plains are a glowing garden. Wild hollyhocks and gladiolas and iris and golden daisies and scarlet blood-drops and poppies and purple forget-me-nots troop away down the slopes like a vast Lilliputian army under spears and banners. An abundant flower, turquoise-blue in shade, is the dominant note in the landscape. The plain for miles around us seemed to be paved with the soft hue of the heavens. I got out to walk to the Mount of the Beatitudes and narrowly escaped stepping on a giant scorpion, whereupon I retreated.

I must not fail to tell of one profound impression never to be erased or forgotten. The people of Palestine untouched by the Christian faith are back where they were two thousand years ago. Not a step of progress! The same tools, the same costume, the same spirit, the same means of transportation, namely: the camel and donkey express.

Can you imagine a womanless world? That is really what it is. You go to the theater in Damascus and you see many men but no women; you drink tea with the governor, no women. You sit on a broad terrace overlooking the sea outside a big coffee house

in Beyrout with many well-fed, fez-covered men, not a woman in sight.

You see silent, veiled figures on the street. These, they tell you, are women. I went to the house of a rich man in Egypt. He told me that he had three wives. Where were they? Hidden like rats. They had scurried out of sight. One of them, I believe, had her hole in the wall behind a little door, where probably she peered through an ornamental grill.

These are not women, they are children, ignorant, oppressed, shut in, pale, bloodless, still submerged in the darkness of the ancient time. Not one of them has or can have an opinion.

We read of bloody massacres in Turkey and Armenia. It is because those who commit them live in a womanless world. Where there are no women there can be neither chivalry nor gentlemen. Renan was right in his dictum: Woman never had a religious conscience, a moral individuality or an opinion of her own previous to Christianity. It may be added that where there is no Christianity there is no respectable womanhood, save among the Jews who have long been in contact with the Western World.

We called at the long black tent of a wealthy Bedouin sheik on the plain, in the midst of his flocks, near Damascus. He invited us to dinner, then cook-

ing over coals in a big copper pot. To our surprise he introduced us to his three wives. Their apartments under the long tent were indicated by a kind of picket fence made of reeds. They seemed to be on good terms. They all came down to the car with us when we left. The women asked for the privilege of tooting the motor horn. With tooting and laughing they had a riotous five minutes. A Bedouin woman who came into the house of a friend of mine in Jerusalem was deeply interested in the piano. She kept demanding that they should "knock on the box again."

The Mohammedan women are mostly children. They are sold to a husband often at a tender age without being consulted. A number of daughters is a competence. Divorce is easy. Women are never seen at cafés, teas, dinners or theaters. That kind of thing is for men only. The women are a shut-in, pale and pasty-looking lot. The freedom of women and the chivalry of men are among the great things which came out of Nazareth in Galilee.

When my dragoman wished to tell me about Saladin, I told him that I had been all my life acquiring my ignorance of Saladin and that I valued it as one of my best possessions.

We found the ancient, oriental city of Damascus in a tumult. A Mohammedan mob had arisen to make a

bloody protest against the alleged effort to re-Hebraize Palestine. Armored motor cars and a company of cavalry had possession of the public square. French soldiers were in the crowded streets. A number of rioters and one soldier had been killed and sixteen of the former wounded. We had tea with the governor next day. He was firmly against the policy of the British. In his opinion the Zionist movement was bringing to Palestine the off-scourings of the world.

We went to the theater. The play was a scurrilous and much-applauded attack upon the British for their alleged failure in Egypt. Great Britain, after many insults, was finally murdered and dragged off the stage. So the minds of those simple folk are absorbing the poison of bitter prejudice.

I liked the look of the new Jewish colonies. Their inhabitants seemed to be pleasant-faced, industrious and thrifty. Their tiled-roofed homes have a respectable and comfortable look. They are, by far, the best-looking homes in rural Palestine. The children of these people are decently dressed. My observation is that these colonies are filled with hard-working, well-meaning folk. Yet one gets here and there vague threats of a massacre.

The Mohammedan religion is the great problem of modern civilization. It encourages hatred of the people

of other faiths and a savage fanaticism. As I have said, if one abandons the worship of Allah for that of a nobler deity, it becomes the duty of his relatives to murder him. Once they used the knife for that purpose, now they employ the quieter, cleaner way of poison. It is this barbaric savagery which slows the task of the Christian missions. Education is the first and only remedy. There are six hundred Mohammedan boys in the American University at Beyrout. They carry to their homes nobler ideals and a friendly feeling for the Christian people. This leaven is beginning to work.

I do not fail to see the value of the Mohammedan Arab as human material in the long slow process of evolution. There is an ox-like vitality in his sturdy physique. One can not help thinking that his blood is destined to be a great revitalizing force in the degenerating West. At its best his simple heart is lovable.

I shall never forget the young Arab seamen who brought us out to our ship from Jaffa. The skipper was a tall, supple, magnificent young man with back and shoulders like those of Hercules. He reminded me of a wild, splendid young stag in the mountains. There was a winning, childlike smile in his face when I patted his brawny arm and gave him a compliment. He swung a big oar about thirty feet long. He set

the pace for two other men. As he threw his weight against the oar he chanted the words:

"Ya hah bibi Sulemat"

and the others repeated them solemnly in succession as they swept their oars through the blue water—

"Ya hah bibi Sulemat"

and this is the translation of the words:

Oh my beloved! Good-by.

*Chasing the Twenty-Eight-Foot Beast*

## CHASING THE TWENTY-EIGHT-FOOT BEAST

I HAVE seen great days but no such full, resounding fragment of time as the Fourth of July, 1870. It was filled with my first big holiday adventures. A lad of ten, I was permitted to go, with a neighbor's boys and an older brother, in a two-seated wagon to a Fourth of July celebration in the village seven miles away. There was to be in that party no mother nor father to tell me what I should or should not do. The boys were like a lot of yelping young hounds let out for exercise. They yipped and halloed and sang as we hurried down the hills. I amused myself with my "spending money"—the sum of sixty cents—which was the last of that three dollars I had earned for building a fire every morning in our schoolhouse the winter before. I counted it again. When we arrived at the village, I spent my money for firecrackers and a toy pistol and went and sat down in the park with the other boys and imagined myself a redoubtable soldier as I stuck firecrackers into the pistol-barrel and lighted their fuses. I did not feel that I could afford to spend a cent or a moment of time on such a needless

frivolity as cookies and cheese, especially as a man with one arm, in a soldier's coat had begun to load and fire the cannon. I remember how a number of dogs, playing in the park, scattered and fled in all directions when the cannon roared.

That holiday really began a long time before the celebration and continued for weeks. It conferred upon me a definite sense of mature wisdom and affected my bearing toward the trifling youngsters of my neighborhood who had never heard a cannon go off.

Then there was that morning in my thirteenth year when I got up before daylight and ate a hasty lunch of crackers and candy and cheese and started afoot for Potsdam, seven miles away, with Bony Stiner and Billy O'Neil. I was working in the little store at Crary's Mills. A great circus with a steam piano and wild animals and bareback riders was coming to Potsdam that day. We wanted to see it arrive, so we began our journey at a dog-trot and ran, in the dim dawn light, until our feet were slowed by weariness. We were not half through our journey when the road began to fill with double wagons and top buggies, each crowded full, so that there was no room for us. Men flicked their whips at us and shouted greetings as they hurried by and left us behind. We got into the edge of the

village rather tired. The streets were crowded. Again we ran, for we could hear a band playing and the most barbaric sound of which I have any recollection. I knew it was the steam piano. We overtook the circus procession and Bony and I trotted along beside the elephants, looking up at them.

"I'd hate to give one of 'em a chaw of tobacco."

"Why?"

"Didn't you know that he'd kill ye if he was to see ye a hundred years from now?" Bony answered.

I knew it, but I wanted to hear it again.

How my heart beat when the caged Royal Bengal tiger was hauled into the arena that afternoon and the showman said:

"Ladies and gentlemen, I have the honor to introduce you to the great Royal Bengal tiger-r-r, captured after a desperate struggle in the wilds of India in the course of which he killed twelve men and a boy [how I felt for that boy and longed for further particulars!] He is fourteen feet long from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail, and fourteen feet long from the tip of his tail to the tip of his nose, making *twenty*-eight feet in all."

These two holidays were hard on me. They nearly wore me out, but they satisfied my ideal of a happy day. Now, I have a different notion of happiness.

There are many people who never get over the circus habit. Once in a while the old longing for a celebration or a circus comes on me and, in a way of speaking, I find myself walking to Potsdam again. But the circus lure is distinctly fainter. Acrobatics and the twenty-eight-foot beast have lost their appeal to me.

There are two kinds of people, those who have grown up and those who haven't. Many never achieve manhood and womanhood save in the length, breadth and thickness of their bodies. Their minds are ever hunting for circuses and celebrations. Their ideal of happiness is still that of childhood.

I remember one summer holiday. We endured the heat and dust of railroad travel, hard beds, airless rooms, fishless fishing; we paid high prices for low fare. In the midst of our travels my setter dog made a break for liberty and jumped off a railroad train going at high speed. From the next stop I went back up the track afoot to find him. It was intolerably hot. I wandered for miles through the countryside calling him, but in vain. Meanwhile I had lost my wife also. In our haste we had forgotten to appoint a place of meeting in the seaside resort which was our destination. It was late in the evening when, worn out with weariness and in a ruined suit, I found her.

I advertised for the dog and paid a heavy reward

for him. At last we were ready to go home. We were taking back some souvenirs of the country. I carried in my right hand a bird in a cage. It was a species of jay; my left held a suit-case and the leash of the dog. I asked my wife if she would kindly tie the leash of the dog to the rear end of the 'bus while I got in with the baggage and the jay. We started. Suddenly I discovered that my dog was in trouble. My wife had tied him to the felly of one of the rear wheels. I got him into the bus where he promptly had a fit. For a moment I felt like one in the midst of a theater fire. The jay yelled the loudest. He was the steam piano. I fled with the dog in my arms and carried him part way to the station. He was the twenty-eight-foot beast.

When we were seated in the train, with the dog securely hitched in the baggage-car, I began to think it over.

"It reminds me of the time I went to the circus," I said. "I feel about as I did the night I got back from Potsdam. If a man is bound to see a circus, he'll see it if he has to make it himself. How many men are every day going to a circus of their own manufacture—like our village drunkard. This everlasting quest of excitement is wearing us out. In America we are all in the hunt—men and women. We are

often going to the circus, and looking for the twenty-eight-foot beast."

"We have been looking for happiness," my wife suggested with a smile.

"And do not know when we meet her," I answered.

By and by, in the dusk, we arrived at our door.

"Haven't you seen the beautiful lady standing on the door-step?" I asked.

"I do not see her," she answered.

"I can see her. She has a smile of welcome in her face and she is holding out her hands to us. You do not know her. Come, I will introduce you."

We walked up the steps.

"Do you not see her now—do you not feel her hands upon you? She is Happiness. She is at home—always at home, or she is nowhere for us. We may find knowledge and excitement and even pleasure abroad but not that abiding presence we call Happiness which, unless she is dead, is always calling us back home. Every one who goes about looking for Happiness will look in vain. If he is capable of seeing her, he will find her waiting on his door-step when he gets home."

What is happiness? Is it not in love of one's task and of his associations? I am convinced that it is born of those two loves, or not at all.

The greatest happiness lies in having found one's

work and in being strong to do it. Good health is, therefore, a part of the thing we call happiness. The friends who respect and understand us and a loved task and a comfortable home are the things that help to fill the cup.

The great multitude who have never really grown up, but who are always like the poor country lad on his way to the circus to see the twenty-eight-foot beast and the steam piano, seem never to have found the precise location of happiness. They seem to think that happiness is pleasure, whereas it is a much greater thing. They are the men and women who are never or rarely at home. They are always seeking happiness, for the love of that is a deep, innate thing. One can not get away from it. At last they are almost sure to decide that the thing they need is a new wife or another husband or a pearl necklace or a more splendid home. They try them and they are farther than ever from the goal they seek. They are, indeed, children. They have never grown up. They have not "arrived" as we are wont to put it. They have not the strength of the full-grown.

It is a difficult task, this making the journey to manhood or womanhood, and arriving finally at the point where we put away childish things. How may one grow up? Well, I would say it is chiefly in learning what not to do.

*What is the Matter?*
*or*
*The Unspanked Generation*

## WHAT IS THE MATTER?

or

## THE UNSPANKED GENERATION

In the old records of a Massachusetts court sitting I find this entry:

"Robert Shorthose for swearing by the blood of God was sentenced to have his tongue put in a cleft stick and to stand so punished for the space of half an hour."

In the further proceedings I find another entry no less significant. It is this:

"Captain Lovel admonished to take heed of light carriage."

Reading these items we think how different are the courts and culprits of to-day. The judges of that Massachusetts court were church officials. In their vicinity Folly got no chance to enjoy freedom, exercise and fresh air. It was always in bad health. If those gentlemen were to take a walk on Fifth Avenue these days I think that they would be astonished by the

general lightness of carriage. If, dazzled by the physiological display, due to light harness, one of them should happen to step on the toes of some thoroughly modern flapper would he not hear an opinion of himself and his mother coupled with compound adjectives which would have put Robert Shorthose to shame. In certain theaters the judges would observe that deliberate blasphemy has become a conversational decoration. Imagine these far-come gentlemen witnessing a hold-up. If one of them should call at the mansion of a descendant he would perhaps find its mistress playing bridge or poker and, if he asked for her husband, it is not unlikely that she would playfully answer, "Which one?"

I imagine that the wanderers would decide that they had come to a land worse than that part of the old world from which they fled in the seventeenth century.

There are many who take a rather light view these days of portable property, of ladies, of marriage, of human life, of the Constitution of the United States and of religion.

Now consider our burglars and highwaymen, encouraged and instructed as some of them have confessed, in certain well-known schools of crime. What stimulation their success affords to the young who are

dreaming of sudden wealth! Even women are being attracted to this promising field of endeavor. Correspondence schools for home study of this and other allied arts have not yet been established, the field being so well covered by our enterprising theaters and publishers.

We hear much complaint of burglars and highwaymen—mostly informal and out of court. It only amuses or irritates them. We forget that their trade has a large and growing membership. The time has come when we must think of the burglar vote. The trade is making progress. It has partly freed itself from the obloquy and dark aspersion which fell upon it in a time I can remember.

Often I feel like making an apology for the industrious burglar. He is, mostly, an unobtrusive person rarely talking shop or boasting of his talent. He would not disturb your rest or that of the police. He takes your pocket money or your jewels or the amount of a pay-roll. Nobody goes cold or hungry because of that. If any one talks too much he may use violence, but you, my friends, will know how to sympathize with him. He may slay you, but please bear in mind that human life has been cheapened these late years. Its value has not kept pace with that of real estate or stocks or antiques or plumbing or plaster-

ing. It has suffered a severe depreciation. Shall I say that we ought not to make too great a fuss over a matter so slight and trivial? Or shall I remind you that twenty-two thousand people were killed by motor-cars in America last year? I like the burglar much better than a man who deliberately wrecks a railroad or any business to get control of it. I like him better than those who, on any pretext, stop the supply of coal when winter is upon us.

Now, as to the apparent lack of respect on the part of many good citizens for the Constitution of the United States the truth is there is some ground for it. In the past few years the strength of the Constitution has been shamefully abused and overworked. You can not expect everything of a constitution. If you do it will calmly tell you to get another boy. There is a share of the work that the boss ought to do himself. You can not expect a constitution to do your work for you while you knock off—to reform your neighbors and make them good—that being your own task—or to regulate your diet and be an inspector of trunks, grips and cellars. That is not the dignified, sublime function for which it was designed.

There are many harmful things. This world is no Utopia. If it were it would be no place for human beings. We were not made to walk in smooth and

flowery paths with no temptation to evil in our way. A great danger of a democracy is tampering with the constitution on which it rests as a result of emotional persuasion.

I am not a pessimist, but it is evident that we have entered an era of new and unwelcome conditions and we may well ask ourselves what is the matter.

Now as to our burglars and highwaymen. The truth is we can not gather the young men of the world in a great school of loot and murder, and reward and applaud and decorate them for skill and courage in the practise of those arts, without an immeasurable loss of something we once had. Certain of those lads are saying in effect: "You gave me a license to steal and kill and many of you got rich by it. It is no more wicked to do it now than it was then. I also claim the right to get rich by it." If we look further we shall see the whole background of the present situation.

It was the war of the people against the Barons which shifted the main source of human motives from the abdomen to the head. For ages man had been mostly and indecently an abdomen with head and feet and hands to serve it. His belt had been a kind of secondary horizon. The human intellect had been like an ill-fed dog in the house of life, not well broken, and asleep most of the time. Much bloodshed was caused

by a disordered liver. Those words of James I, "I will harry them out of the kingdom," were no doubt caused by abdominal disturbances. His intellect had a small part in that proceeding.

It was to be expected that when fortune favored them the Barons would seek to regain a part of their lost power and that is what they did. Since the first parliament of Henry VII, when the old nobility had been almost annihilated, it had twice acquired great power and numbers.

When England came under the domination of George III and his friends, the kingdom was mostly governed by a number of enlarged and busy abdomens—chiefly those of the House of Bedford.

Witness the words of Sir Otto Trevelyan when he speaks of the Bedfords. "They cared not what happened, so long as they had three thousand pounds a year each and three thousand bottles of champagne." Witness also what he says of the daily life of Rigby, the eminent parliamentarian.

The American Revolution was another contest between the flesh and the spirit of man as to which should rule the new world. It was the same old issue, the power to tax those who have no voice in the law-making. Again the intellect and spirit of man was victorious. The Constitution of the United States was

said by Mr. Gladstone to be the greatest single product of the human mind. That, we may infer, is because it signalized a renewed faith in the intellect and spirit of humanity. That faith was warranted. Its fruit the world knows and will not soon forget: the homes of old New England, the pioneer homes of its sons in the new West, and the giants who came out of them. I assert, with no fear of contradiction, that this earth has never seen the like of that product in a single century in all its kingdoms.

Now this is not idle boasting. Is not everything known by its fruit? And what was the fruit of the New England Spirit? Shall I repeat the names writ in imperishable light: Franklin, Webster, Choate, Fulton, Sumner, Evarts, Seward, Wells, Greeley, Lincoln, Grant, Washburn, Wright, Cleveland; Hawthorne, Holmes, Emerson, Whittier, Fiske, Parkman, Bancroft, Longfellow; Channing, Beecher, Dwight, Abbott. Some will ask why I have included the name of Lincoln and I answer because it is quite certain that he was descended from one of eight brothers who settled in Hingham, Massachusetts, in 1635, and further because he got his moral training largely from a study of New England authors and was in his noblest achievement a servant of the New England spirit.

Now our ancestors did not try to control lightness

of carriage by constitutional amendment. They believed the way to reach it was through the intellect and the spirit. They had faith in the general rightness of men under the guidance and discipline of the home, the school, and the church. Without this discipline New Englanders seemed to understand that a *democracy* must fail. They were intolerant and especially of the follies of youth. Look after the boys and girls, they said, and your men and women can be trusted. Let them first learn to obey and then put the love and fear of God in them. If this is done for all, each will live in security and have faith in his fellow men and in his government. Neglect this and your people will neither have faith in one another nor security. Now therein was the spirit of New England, and schools and churches were built within the reach of all and every home was a preparatory department of school and church. No man was suffered to neglect the claims of either.

Now whatever else may be said of Edward VII it is undeniable that he turned his throne into a Baron-making machine, his purpose being to maintain the commercial supremacy of Britain. An astonishing number of successful manipulators of coal and oil and soap and iron and railroads were raised to the peerage. They were a better lot than the barons of old. They

were Captains of Industry. Was there ever such a fall of crowns? I make no criticism of the king's purpose but the history of the new-made Baron teaches that he is apt to get a singular devotion to the god of pleasure and that his many friends follow him into new paths and imitate his follies. It is natural that it should be so. England had reached a peak of wealth and far-reaching power for which history could show no parallel. It is said that the Prussian party in Germany became jealous of her. However that may be the abdomen and its motives had again become a great force and peril.

In 1914, with no motive save that of swinish greed, it renewed its effort to dominate the world. The children of the flesh allied with the bloody and unspeakable Turk and his neighbors set out to possess themselves of the territory and property of other peoples. Unser Gott, we now know, was the god of the belly, and the sleeves of his cohorts were soon red to the shoulder with the blood of helpless people. William failed, but the spirit of the world was severely damaged. The god of the belly got a new lease of life. He is still abroad. His appeal to youth is irresistible. We find him in the literature of the time. We see him on the stage. We encounter him in country houses and there is mournful evidence of his

power in decaying churches. Having failed with the sword, the worshipers of this pagan deity are now trying to conquer us with a mightier weapon—the pen. One would think that we had had enough of the god of the belly. But he is, after all, a most interesting and persuasive god. He is the god of passion and luxury and license. He has little respect for law. Some of our young men and women have joined his priesthood.

Now Youth is a beautiful thing in its way, but its way is short. Youth is a good companion, but a bad leader. Youth and I had a high time together. I haven't got over it yet. I know him well. He was a foolish fellow. I put him out of the house at last! Now and then he returns and raps at the door. Sometimes I let him in and he sits down by the fire with me and talks in the wise and engaging manner of old. I smile at him now. He knows that I do not take him seriously. Is not life with all of us largely a process of getting rid of the wisdom of youth so as to make room for something better? The first step toward success is to overcome the conceit of one's youth. The main question about every man is—has he or has he not? Folly has its uses. A man who has not been a fool at least once is apt to possess no wisdom worth having. That is why youth is a

necessary and tolerable institution. But any one who can be a fool without a sense of guilt is placed for life.

The most able young reporter in Brooklyn, when he was sent to a remote village to report a hanging, asked the condemned man if he would mind being hung at one o'clock instead of two so that the brilliant report could be in that evening's issue of the *Eagle*.

Youth is apt to be a little careless of the feelings and opinions of others. That of this time is, I fear, particularly so. It is largely an unspanked generation. Its fathers and mothers were too busy with money-making and social duties to give it the growth in grace and wisdom to which it was entitled. King Commerce had arrived in the path of invention with his great caravan of success, many of his followers drunk with pleasure. That is my guess as to how it got by, but whatever its background, here it is—a generation of the young, untrained in the vital things that make for character. They were, I think, of those who, having had parents, were yet unfathered and unmothered. Did they not come in that unfortunate time when the making of men and women had ceased to be the main business of life in America which hitherto it had been? Had they not come in a time when that great purpose had given way to another—that of making money?

To so many of them marriage is a failure, wealth

and pleasure the chief aim of life. Some of them tell us that our trouble is suppressed desires. That has ever been the complaint of youth. They would have us believe that it is a bad thing for one to go about with suppressed desires on his person. They call this a part of the new psychology, but in fact it is very old rubbish. It is the voice of the abdominal god.

We have with us a new school of essayists who express themselves with a captivating wit and they are prospering. They have college degrees. (I have come to think that there is nothing so dangerous as the ignorance of the learned.) Their names, their traditions, their immediate background are European or Asiatic. They are not removed from an old world environment by the width of a generation. They are born overturners. They argue openly that our Constitution is a mess of pottage and it must be said that the result of a certain amendment lends some color to their claim. They say that democracy is a failure. Some of them remind us of that peace and prosperity long enjoyed by the German people, of the reign of law and order, of the security of life and property under its emperors. They do not tell us the truth, that it was wholly an artificial condition depending for its continuance on the wisdom of one man and not on the wisdom of many. We know how suddenly it blew

up and that nothing could be worse than a security so false and ill founded.

Some of them do not hesitate to speak of our people in the mass as peasants, knowing not that the sons and daughters of the average mid-western farmer or mechanic are far better schooled and far better equipped for a useful life than the sons and daughters of any European noble.

Some, and these are the most brilliant of them, declare that the voice of the people is not the voice of God, but that of a hydra-headed monster. It is quite true, perhaps, of the people with whom they and their fathers were familiar. If these and others like them are able to command enough followers in America it will become true of our own people. It can not be denied that the numerous and violent crimes now occurring in our country may well give us pause to consider this claim. And we shall first learn that they are mostly committed by the sons of Europeans lately arrived. My friends, can we make the voice of the people a voice of real authority on any other plan than that of old New England which trained the young to know and respect a will above their own?

These nouveaux Americaines are an un-Christian lot. Why are they constantly and subtly attacking some dead popular idol of the Christian faith and seek-

ing by vile insinuation, not by proof, to break down his character—a thing they would not dare to do while the man was living? Such is the effort of a certain writer to rob Robert Louis Stevenson of his honor and good faith as a Christian gentleman. These hyenas who are digging into the graves of far better men, speak with contempt of the "ancient moralities" which are held up for ridicule in essays, plays and brilliant fiction.

Is it not true that morality comes as near to being an absolute thing as any creation of the wisdom and the spirit of man? It is not made of rubber. It is not, like a lady's skirt, subject to indefinite abbreviations; it is not like household furniture to be carried to the attic when one has grown weary of it; it is not like a piece of machinery, which can be suddenly and radically improved. *Either we have old morality or we have none.* The new school of fiction will give itself no worry over that alternative, I fancy. But the good people who have shaken off the conceit of their youth and their longing for suppressed desires, as most have done, may well think of it.

One of these new writers, and a very brilliant one, has a curious fad. He is a collector of ladies' undergarments. Imagine the psychological import of such a store of idols. If he were to go about with un-

suppressed desires, would not every other fellow in his neighborhood need a gun? Perhaps, after all, the problem is pathological.

We have come to the time of India rubber parents, it being easier to yield than resist. Instead of bringing up their children in the fear of God, parents are now brought up in the fear of Altman and Tiffany. A cynical man I know said recently that now and then if he was good his daughter would invite him to one of her weddings.

Life has changed its pace and plan, especially in the large cities. A great passion is in the hearts of the people. It is a passion for wealth and the pleasure it provides.

Our typical American city home has undergone a change. Is not the great passion for gain and pleasure even in the hearts of its women? Gambling and sex literature are among its diversions. Naturally we find in it a fading respect for higher claims. Now if we would have the love and veneration of children we must earn it. The sweet illusions of youth do not long remain. The young are a keen-minded, honest lot. The authority of parents, once backed by the mystical and inestimable power of religion, began to lose its hold. Often the man and wife lived with a diminishing respect for each other. It must be said

for the child that he found it increasingly difficult to honor his father and mother. The many who have lived in flats and apartments where the young find their only joy in the streets and play grounds and movie theaters have a sound alibi for the falling off in quality and quantity of the product of their homes.

In considering what happened in our country homes—those of the farmer and the well paid mechanic—we must reckon with the ingenuity of Henry Ford. Think of the non-skid, rubber foot-prints in the sands of time! Almost every day for years the American country home has been packed into a flivver and vigorously shaken up and dumped into the nearest village and electrified with sundry exhibitions of ingenious crime and amusing violence and high volted love-making, and packed up again and returned to the hated quiet of the countryside. Now the dooryard has a hundred square miles in it. All the allurements of the town and the village are as handy as the croquet ground and the swimming-hole. No more reading under the evening lamp! Often after the day's end the house is silent, dark and deserted. It is just a stopping place, not a home. When the lights are aglow of an evening we may hear the barbaric yawp of canned inebriety and sex passion sounding on the victrola while the young dance. No

more *Pull for the Shore, Sailor,* no more Watt and Moody and Sankey!

Now you know a home is a kind of ship. It can not stand still. It is ever moving in one direction or another and on every side are perils. So it must have a master, and it must steer for some port. The ship must make headway. It must not drift. There are perils in the sea—reefs and icebergs and hurricanes and other ships. The main fact is that it must have a master who knows where he wants to go and about how to steer to get there. The port of wealth was not on the chart of most of the old-time captains. It never entered their reckoning. It was a little out of their course. I do not need to tell you what port they were steering for.

We recall a time when women demanded greater power and it was granted them. Men, spent by the cares of the day, were glad to surrender to them the command of the ship. They are not born commanders and I fear that they have not been quite equal to the task. How was it possible, so overwhelmed as they have been by social demands? It is easier rightly to command an army than a well-filled home. It is one of the great and noble arts—the wise man's art—not one to be delegated to indifferent servants.

The time is here when we of New England blood

may well ask ourselves what has become of the authority of the parent and the obedience of the child? A new situation has arisen and its menace lies chiefly in the fact that many of us are disposed to make light of it. "Don't worry," we say, "it is a passing phase. Let us continue to eat, drink and be merry."

We ought not deceive ourselves. Folly is a thing to be looked after.

In my youth a fool was a curiosity. There were three or four people in our village who were under suspicion. They were being watched. But there was only one man of proved capacity. He had been seen going down the street one day holding his hands before him, some three feet apart, and saying:

"Folks, git out of my way. This is the exact measure of a door and I got to keep it till I git to the carpenter's shop."

We thought him an asset, but he grew in disgrace and folly until he started a fire in his dooryard, on a windy day, that nearly consumed the village. What a testimonial were those smoldering heaps of ashes! In my view the most dangerous fools in a democracy are indifferent parents and college professors without humility or reverence for anything but their own opinions.

Folly is, and ever has been, the great peril of

civilization. Crime is comparatively a matter of slight importance.

When a man turns rogue we have got him placed. All we wish to know about him is the kind of folly that made him a criminal.

So I beg to remind you that the great danger of society is not crime, but folly. It is that which produces crime. We are apt to laugh at folly as a temporary, trifling matter. It is nothing of the kind. It swiftly develops into a disease of which crime is only a symptom.

Folly has become general and even respectable and its bitter fruit is falling on our heads and we may well worry at the indifference with which it is regarded. Knowing all this we begin to understand why that old-time court warned Captain Lovel of light carriage.

There were vital and admirable aims in the life of old New England. It produced a civilization which commands our respect. We believe that those vital and admirable aims should be perpetuated. They were:

First: To look out that the young are carefully taught useful knowledge and the peril of folly, and the love and fear of God.

Second: To continue this training by the wise counsel of the pulpit and the support of an organized Christian Brotherhood.

I think that all will agree with me that our fathers were mainly right. A despotism can prosper as did pagan Rome by main strength without the careful training of the young. If one has the power to cut off the head of every suspect he will soon puf an end to crime but he will also put an end to security. A democracy is different. Its young are to be its rulers. Therefore they must be trained to respect all human rights—the rights of a neighbor to enjoy with reasonable security his home, his property and the affection of his wife. Were our fathers right in thinking that this could not be accomplished in a democracy without the help of something above civil law?

To assist you in reaching a conclusion I present the opinion of a new Englander who has won the respect of all thinking men. John Fiske has said that the most tremendous social force we know is the religious sentiment. He makes it clear that the liberty and the ideals of Britain and the United States were won and defended by that irresistible force.

*Why Men Do Not Go to Church*

## WHY MEN DO NOT GO TO CHURCH

In the *Life of Daniel Webster* by George Ticknor Curtis I find the statement that Daniel had been taught to read at home by his mother or his elder sisters so early that he never could remember a day when he was unable to read the Bible.

Washington often said that he had got his best training at his mother's knee. All the great leaders in our history seem to have made a like acknowledgment. I can not think of one who has not written gratefully of his mothering. Behind them were a rank and file largely prepared by mothers for following the hard trail of the giants and for eating, if need be, the bitter bread of sacrifice.

For ages women have been the conservative force in the family. In the home of the pioneer, often far removed from the appeal of the church, the men were apt to be careless of their moral duties. Generally the women stood firmly for the old decencies and verities. They clung to their faith. In the village and hamlet, while the man of the house might be fishing or asleep on the lounge, the woman was getting the children

ready for church and Sunday-school. Perhaps she had no higher motive than to be in fashion. All the best women did as she was doing and she liked to enjoy their company and their respect.

Besides there was the minister—a man of learning and wisdom. Everybody took off his hat to that man. He was often looking in at her door with a pleasant word of encouragement. He took an interest in the children and knew them all by name. Then if there were sickness or trouble in the house he was a tower of strength to lean upon with cheering counsel and helpful hands. He was, indeed, a man of God.

This work of mother and minister wrought into the fabric of our life its strongest threads. They were the shepherds of the young. They were shaping the soul of childhood and leading it up to that high place where, if it had eyes for seeing, it should some day find vision.

I have been asked to consider how it has come about that men are losing interest in the church. This problem is inseparably connected with another. How has it come about that our great men are either dead or very old in spite of the fact that we have multiplied our schools and colleges to fill their places? In public life we have no great outstanding figures—no one like Webster or Calhoun or Clay or Lincoln or Seward

or Sumner or Conkling or Blaine or Sherman. In journalism there is no Greeley, no Grady, no Medill, no Pulitzer. What are our authors doing to stir the souls of men as did *Snow Bound* and *The Psalm of Life* and the *Commemoration Ode* and *The Chambered Nautilus* and *Tom Sawyer* and *The Scarlet Letter?* In the pulpit where are the men to ring the world's welkin as did Beecher and Talmage and Brooks and Abbott and Storrs and Father Ryan? True we have great men but only in the field of commerce and invention.

There are two reasons for this poverty of church and state. They are the mothers and ministers of to-day.

For many years America had a spirit peculiar to itself and all its own—an inheritance from the Puritan and Pilgrim fathers. The fear of God and a profound respect for the Mosaic code were a large part of it. Some have called it narrow, and in a sense it was so, but this spirit was deep—so deep that for its sake many had died at the stake. Its ideal and its charity were really as wide as the world. They embraced all peoples, and America became a refuge for the oppressed. It came to be known, justly or unjustly, as the New England spirit. It put character above money. Lincoln used often to quote the droll saying of an Irishman:

"In this country," so the saying went, "one man is as good as another and, for the matter of that, often a good deal better."

It meant that one makes his own standing. A man's moral credit—his treatment of his word, his family and his neighbors—was the important item in his assets. If this were not right, no amount of wealth could save him from the contempt of his fellows. It was a stern spirit, but it worked. Under its sway generations of moral and intellectual giants came on the scene.

They made America a land of high ideals. We were far from a perfect nation. We had lynchings, riots and disorders, but our people were, in the main, striving upward with a general intelligence and rightness of mind for which, after much travel, I have seen no parallel.

Soon after the middle of the last century invention began to quicken the stride of commerce. Great enterprises were launched. Wealth began to accumulate and the high spirit of the elder race to decay. The cities were growing rapidly. Stories of their splendor and of the unexampled success of their business men were scattered abroad. Hosts of the young, feeling the lure of wealth, left the farms and shops of the

country and thronged the cities. They lived in great hives, eating, as it were, out of a common pot, sharing a common purpose, not very high, and, in the main, thinking the same thoughts. The old-time family life, so favorable to the development of individual character, was passing in town and country.

Politics had once been the great motive in American life—big issues the things with which the minds of the people had been most engaged. It was so no longer. Business had dethroned Politics and become the dominating force and Credit was its Prime Minister. Much may be said in praise of Business. It has increased the honesty of the average intellect, but it has clipped the wings of the eagle and set him traveling on his feet.

We can not sow for profits and reap great personalities. The latter are the children of Faith. They are no part of our harvest. Nor do they care a fig for our profits. They have a bigger business. They are looking for the truth of the whole matter.

In every community Business had created many rich men. They were mainly sticking to the game, while the ladies gave their time to the enjoyment of the fruits of success—teas, dinners, luncheons, whist parties, theaters, motor journeys, trips to New York

and Europe. When Sunday came, they were weary. They breakfasted in bed. They were glad that their husbands, spent with the toil of the week, needed Sunday for rest and recreation. He spent the church hour sleeping in bed instead of the pew. The opinions of his minister were never strong enough to keep him awake, he was wont to say. So why not sleep comfortably?

That is what they said, little knowing that, if it were true, they and their kind had quenched the sacred fire of inspiration on the altars of the church. There were the children. Sunday after Sunday they had been jollied off to church and Sunday-school. The time came when they could no longer be jollied. If the church was not good enough for their parents, it was not good enough for them. Nurses, many of whom had the European habit of mind, had mothered them. They had manners and graces which their forefathers had not. But no gentle shepherd, with the patience born of love, had been leading them up the hills of understanding in the strange and beautiful and mystical paths of the spirit. There, as sundry travelers of our own country had proven, immortal things were to be found.

To-day few, if any, of the children of our best people are thinking of the stately mansions and vast

domes of the spirit. They are dreaming rather of the mansions of Newport and Fifth Avenue and Syracuse and Milwaukee and Kalamazoo and a thousand other places. I am not thinking of the rich only, but of the great successful middle class, as we call it, whose handsome houses line the streets and avenues of every town and city in the land. Are we to wonder that their sons, each seeking his own stately mansion of brick and marble, take to the law or to business, not attracted by the rewards of the church? (So, if we have men in the pulpits whose opinions are of small account, as they tell us, who but they are responsible for the fact?) They are the successful people. Their example is watched and respected and followed even by those who live in very small houses.

We have come to a battle between two ideals. These people and their children have traveled in Europe—many of them were educated there. They have been rather impressed by its eat-drink-and-be-merry fashion of behavior, by its arts of idleness, by its laughing contempt for "puritanic ideas," by a respect for women not even skin deep.

Many of them came back full of contempt for our "old-fashioned copy-book morals," as they were pleased to call them—as if there ever had been or could

ever be any other kind of morals; as if, indeed, they had discovered a code of improved morals! But morals are not like washing-machines and garden tools. They are no labor-saving device which some clever person has invented. They do not minister to the convenience of the family in any degree.

Moreover, the Americanism of America has suffered a dilution even more serious. High wages and a cheap and productive soil have brought many people to our shores. They have prospered. Their children went to school and were Americanized, some slightly, some fairly well. They were mostly a keen-minded lot. Many of these had in them an inherited love of European customs and ideas. Some of them have grown up grossly materialistic. Their power is great in our theaters; their control threatens the great artists of the stage. Some of them take nastiness and crime and turn it into merchandise.

So here are two ideals struggling for ascendency in our land, the spiritual and the materialistic, and, in bringing them face to face with each other, I have indicated why men go little to church. The great personalities of the one ideal were Frederick the Great, Napoleon the First, Bismarck, William the Second—cynics and grab-alls; the great personalities of the other are Washington, Webster, Lincoln, Grant—men of

faith and generosity and optimism. They gave all in noble sacrifices. They are the fruits of the old American ideal. The love of gold and ease and idleness and pleasure is opposing the love of God, and we whose faith is in the latter should be up and doing.

# PRIVATE GODS

## THE WORST ENEMIES OF DEMOCRACY

ONE summer day, walking in a valley of New England, I came to a thrifty and beautiful countryside. There were handsome houses and stately elms and pleasant gardens and smooth and fruitful fields.

"This is a good-looking country," I said to a man who stood in a dooryard.

"Don't look no better'n 'tis," he answered.

"Nature has done a lot for it," I remarked.

"So has Mary Ann Perkins."

I turned to him with a look of inquiry.

"God put the slant on the hills an' Mary Ann put the slant on the folks and did it proper," he added. "She's purty nigh a full-sized woman—Mary Ann is."

"What did she do?" I asked.

"Well, sir, for one thing, she married me. Maybe you think that ain't much to do, but you don't know me. Since America discovered Columbus nobody has ever tackled a job like that. I was what you might call an unexplored region when Mary Ann set foot on

me—a kind of a wild desert waste layin' idle. She conquered the savages. Then she smoothed an' sowed an' planted me. Kept me so busy I didn't have time for any more wild oats. Work agreed with me. It was restful. I enjoyed it—prospered and grew healthy. Some o' the neighbors thought they'd try it, seein' how it agreed with me.

"Ye know decency is almost as ketchin' as deviltry. Mary Ann started a church and built a new schoolhouse with a library in it and became trustee o' the district and organized an improvement society and kind o' married the whole neighborhood, and you see what's happened."

For ages it had been a shiftless, diseased, improvident, drunken world. Its character and its personal appearance had changed very little in a thousand years. Sobriety was a lost art. The luxuries of comfort and conceit had been enjoyed only by its kings and captains. Suddenly Mary Ann Perkins arrived. She was Human Liberty. She married the Anglo-Saxon race. She was an exacting wife. She hated Ignorance and Dirt and would not live with Disease and Tyranny. So her good man began to clean and improve himself and his house and its setting. That is about what has happened.

Industry became the bride of Invention. Their

child is Modern Business. It has been immeasurably successful. Naturally Business has acquired a vast conceit of itself, the fruits of which have been too abundant. With them I concern myself.

I hold no brief for rich or poor. I do not complain of the large and often oppressive operations of Modern Business. They have been, in the main, a civilizing force. I have no prejudice against the great Captains of Industry. They have been, mostly, generous and fair-minded. In spite of all the clamor, I think, as a rule, they have been just to those who have labored in their pay.

Neither the service nor the great problems of the millionaire have been quite appreciated. Nevertheless, many controllers of wealth stand convicted of a most grievous error, not by social or political philosophers, but by the history of modern life. The most important parts of the plant of the successful man are his intellect and spirit. These often he has grossly mismanaged. He may say and think that this is a matter which concerns himself alone. But it isn't. The security of his life and goods and of all things dear to God and man depends largely on the conduct of these invisible parts of His plant.

Naturally by and by the millionaire began to consider what special enjoyments he could provide for

himself and family. First, he bought a more luxurious coach and handsomer and swifter horses than his neighbors could afford. Then he hired an apartment *de luxe* on the steam-boat and shared a parlor-car with other rich men when he traveled by rail. But these pleasures were not special enough for his taste. There were too many sharing them. He wanted private accommodations which would excite the wonder and envy of his neighbors. He did not stop to consider whether the wonder and envy of his neighbors were likely to be useful to him. He was getting spoiled by over-indulgence, and wonder and envy looked good to him at first sight. He began to live apart in a kind of regal loneliness. He bought him a private railroad-car and a private steamboat and built him a house that was like a great private hotel.

People were talking about vulgar display. Half-witted and degenerate inheritors of wealth gave their lives to the tooting of the golden horn of conceit and self-indulgence. Its sound was heard in police-courts and places of ill fame. It was the fool-bell of the human pasture. The poor millionaires needed a new and unspoiled effulgence. At last it occurred to them that in choosing it they would better use their intellects. Some built churches and founded colleges. Some went into politics. Here and there certain of them began to indulge in the luxury of private legislatures.

Now before the kings of the golden mountains began to stir the political porridge and boost the intellect of the nations, many of them had taken a most vital and unfortunate step. It was a natural step, and, after all, they were only human. Great success had led to vast conceit. Their superior judgment had been triumphantly vindicated. Were they not, therefore, entitled to a superior religion—a better one than that of the crowd? The religion of the crowd was noisy and uncomfortable. It had, for them, a worn and battered look. There was no flavor of luxury about it. It put them under orders like a servant—they who had got the king-and-master habit and were wont to be obeyed. So many of them acquired a private code of morals and the very last word in luxury—a private god.

These gods of the modern Olympus are not so self-willed as those of the pagan world. The great peculiarity of the private god is this: He obeys his maker. He is under perfect control. He is as flexible and subservient as the footman and the butler. Men of large possessions are in great peril of private gods. In the nature of things they become unwilling to walk humbly and to indulge in that strange and neglected art of winning the love of a neighbor—particularly if the neighbor is rather dirty and depraved. They'll build

schools and hospitals for him and the like, but they'll leave the loving of him to others. Often they do not even know their neighbors.

Let me not be misunderstood. There are many rich men whose wisdom has not been drowned in conceit—many who have no need of private gods—but one might as well look for the average new millionaire in the passenger-coach or on the street-car as in that ancient caravan of Christ's Democracy which has been traveling through the ages since the birth in Bethlehem.

All over the world they were, mainly, out of sympathy with the church. I make no complaint of that, either, holding no brief for the church. But they rode over the hills on Sunday with horses and hounds; they exercised their bodies—a good thing to do. Many of them whirled the roulette-wheel; they gambled for large sums; they studied and practised the arts of idleness. They indulged in questionable familiarities with the wives of other men.

Now we come to the darkest part of this little history. The home of the millionaire is a center of fashion. It sets the pace, in a way, for the community in which it stands. It is the court circle. Life is mostly imitation. The life of the great country house is soon reflected in that of the lesser ones that sur-

round it. No only its life, but its spirit, its disrespect for law.

I can imagine that some of you have been thinking of the immeasurable charities of the rich, of the hospitals, schools and colleges and libraries and playgrounds. I agree that their giving has been worthy of all praise, but they have not given themselves and their children. It has been wholesale, long-distance charity. At least once a week I could wish to see them come down into the ranks and touch elbows with their neighbors on a common footing. What is the meeting-house but a place for that kind of thing? The warm heart, the sympathetic hand, the kind word in season are more than meat or money. The great need of the rich man is to keep his hand active in retail kindness.

One dollar invested in that is better than a hundred dollars which have grown cold with travel.

But the rich men were not the only possessors of that conceit which demands a god of its own. The multiplications of colleges has done much for the world, but has also produced a new variety of conceit and arrogance in the intellectual plutocrat, in the millionaire of learning who is looking down from the cold and lonely summit of the highbrow. It would seem that many of them have learned everything but wisdom, everything save these facts—that the sum of

all knowledge can take one but a little way; that the greatest intellects the world has known have been the most humble; that an education that leads not to self-distrust has failed.

No man is wise or quite honest whose accomplishments have not led to this confession: "I am very weak and little and prone to error, but what I am, all the world is welcome to know, and especially this fact about me—that I am trying to be more humble and therefore kinder."

Nowhere is the private god so base and offensive as in the fiction of our times—the fictions of the stage and the book.

These time-honored agencies of the human spirit are being turned into schools of degeneracy out of which floods of vile suggestion are poured into the public mind. The moving-picture is largely controlled by Mammon. It is the greatest moral menace since the dawn of the Christian era because it reaches the tender soul of childhood with its own language—that of pictures—and gives it a false impression of the salient facts of life—which are not robbery, murder, drunkenness, lust and seduction—not yet.

Civilization is founded on the intelligence and virtue of the common folk. We must build up and protect these sacred things or democracy will go down

the path of darkness and ruin. Those who stand in high places, crowned with success, are the leaders and exemplars of the crowd—keepers of the great treasure.

Now, too, we are face to face with the fundamental ideal of American democracy. It is no new discovery. It is very old and yet the divinity that dwells in it groweth not old nor can it be slain in battles. It is nothing more nor less than the love of men which leads to education and respect for justice and good-will and honor in all and for all.

I would like to see a legend to this effect in every study wall in the land:

*Remember, oh, young man, in the days of your youth, remember that there is one thing vastly greater than any individual can hope to be. It is the spirit of man endowed with the wisdom of the innumerable dead and expressing itself in the civil and moral law. The degree of a man's respect for that law has been and ever will be the test of his mental soundness. Remember, too, that while it is a pleasant thing to have power and riches, this world has never seen so hard a master.*

*The House Not Made with Hands*

## THE HOUSE NOT MADE WITH HANDS

My home town was founded by men of imagination. When they planted its oaks they were looking through a vista of forty years upon the beauty of its shaded streets and avenues overarched with verdure. So those early builders in planting the oaks sowed the seed of a great harvest. The spreading evergreen branches have called to the lover of beauty and he has come and here we find his spirit expressing itself in lawns and gardens and fern-lined avenues and handsome houses and in the college,—for the love of learning is a part of the love of beauty—and in the new churches. In Winter Park we find a spirit ever seeking for greater beauty and begging us to give of our substance to secure it. I like these begging enterprises that show more respect for beauty and the public good than for money. A community that does no begging is dead and is no place for living people. If you make your town beautiful and a good place to live in, you will not be able to keep God out of it. Soon or late you will find him in every home, and here now I lay

the corner-stone of my little structure: it is good to be thinking of the future and to be planting oaks. The best way to serve God is to show a deep respect for this world of His and try to make it a better place to live in. We do not have to die to go to heaven. If we learn the way to find it we may cross the boundary of Paradise with these feet of ours.

Children are born with the key to Paradise. The key is the love of beauty. We do well to seek to create it in our churches, houses, gardens and characters. I am not thinking of the beauty wealth creates—a thing often of great public value. I dream, now and then, of my ideal of the beautiful home. It is very small and simple and probably within the means of any thrifty and industrious person. Its lines are graceful. It seems to hold out its arms to the vines and flowers that climb to its roof. You reach its door through a little garden path overarched with flowering verdure. The shadow of a great tree rests upon it in the heat of the day. Within are the voices of love, the laughter of children and cleanly floors and walls and comfortable seats and restful colors. Make it as beautiful as you can, O mother and father! because there is your gate to Paradise.

All the church can do is to make that home more beautiful and memorable—a greater power in its neigh-

borhood with the sweetness of its spirit. But suppose you can not afford even the little I dream of. My friends, the means are at your disposal with which to build a house as beautiful as any in the world and wherever you go it may be with you. The house may be, and ought to be, a part of the city of God. You have an imagination. Have you learned to use it? With that you may build the house not made with hands. For years it has been my lot to live mostly in such a house and among people who never walked upon the earth. They have been my best friends and this airy house of mine is as real as any I enter.

While I was still young, I discovered that I had a house quite apart from the one in which I lived. I dimly remember the playmates who came to see me in that house not made with hands—imaginary folk, and, among them, was a little, red-headed, freckled girl who walked lame because she had been shot in the war. What joyful times I had with her! I was then building the wonderful house. I remember how it trembled and fell in the spring floods of knowledge, and how I sought a new foundation and began the greater one which, unto this day, has grown in comfort and reality. Little by little I have furnished it as I could afford, and now if it were to fall, my days would have no pleasure in them.

Let us be aware that the great aim of our schooling is not to give us anything important save the power to use what is in us. Now the best thing that God has given us is imagination—the gift to change and create, to love beauty and to seek to find it. Is it not His imagination chiefly which lifts man above the plane of the beast? It seeks beauty as naturally as a hound follows a fox or a duck takes to water, and in spite of us. What are we seeking who go to the store and the office and the work of the plantation day by day? What are we seeking? Do you tell me that it is money with which to feed and clothe and school those who depend upon us? But when the money is got and our children have gone forth are we satisfied? No. There's something we thirst for which has not yet come. We do not know quite what it is. We go to the theater, we go a-fishing, we read books. Is it amusement we seek? No, really the thing our souls are urging us to find is beauty. How pleased we are when we discover unusual beauty in form, color or sound! We find a still greater pleasure when we discover the beauty of heroism and self-sacrifice. How much and how long we talk of it! One day perchance a friend will say to one of us: "What a beautiful character your son has!" The greatest joy that life can give will come in that moment, I am sure, and the

light of revelation will shine upon us. In it we shall see that, after all, our greatest accomplishment has been the creation of beauty. Each one of you is writing a story. It is the story of his life and really it has but one purpose worth while—that of impressing his readers. My incredulous business friend will now smile and say:

"That's a pretty theory but in fact there is no romance in my life. My main purpose is to make money for myself and my family and have a good time."

I say to him: "If that is true you are nothing more than a child. You have never grown to manhood. Aside from its contribution to the bare needs of life, money is the merest plaything with which you only amuse yourself a little while. You pass out surrounded by your toys. None of them goes with you. Bonds and houses and lands are like the tin trumpet and the toy soldier. The more there are of them the more bitter will be the quarrel of your children over their possession." And if in the midst of that, one should stand aside and say:

"Take what you will. My father taught me that sacrifice was better than bitterness between brothers," there would be one thing you had left worth having. Looking back upon it, all wise men would agree that

your life had been like a tale that is told and that at least one reader was the better for it. Each is writing a story and is living more or less in a house not made with hands.

Always in the cabins on Salem Hill where he climbed a ladder to his loft, in the unhappy atmosphere of his home in Springfield, in the squalid taverns of the circuit, in the feverish life of the capital, Lincoln was living in a house not made with hands, and how peaceful and beautiful it was.

Some of you would say to me: "Oh, this house you speak of is only a pretty dream—a work of the imagination. It isn't real."

And I say: "You never made a surer mistake. It is vastly more real, more substantial, more lasting, than these houses you see about you here. These houses of wood and brick are the accessories of that, temporary and of small account, mere chattels to be bought and sold. They swiftly pass away. We are so apt to be deceived in our thought of realities. To-day I have been talking with a good man. His gentle face, his kindly eyes are but a shadow of his thinking. Full well I know how quickly they are to pass away—but not his thinking. That will live and grow in the minds of those to whom he has imparted it. So the real and indestructible part of my friend is the something I can not see."

I look at the Bible. I see leather and black ink and a certain form. Again this thing that I see is the merest shadow. Throw it into the fire and the Bible still exists. The one great reality in and about the old book is its spirit. If all the Bibles that were ever made were heaped in a mountain and destroyed by fire, their spirit would still continue to exist and would come back into print again. The thing is so real that you can not burn it or drown it in oblivion.

But it is when we begin to look backward and far backward that we shall see clearly the difference between the real and the unreal. Look away down the misty centuries into old Greece. There the shadows have been swept away. Only the great realities survive.

How immaterial it seems now whether Homer were tall or short, or Pindar had black hair, or Sophocles a wart on his nose. King, captain, warrior, author, sculptor, philosopher, man and woman, utterly gone. But there remains a small residuum of reality. And what may it be? A few fictions in poetry and marble—a few dwellers in the house not made with hands—Ulysses, Achilles, Ajax, Agamemnon and their kin and why do I call them real? Because an inspired lover of beauty breathed into them his spirit and made them immortal. These, with sundry theories and inventions, are the great realities of old Greece,

and not one ever lived, it is probable, save in song or story or white marble. Do you remind me of Plato and Socrates? They too lived in the house not made with hands. The Parthenon and its like are merely the monuments of a great desire—a desire to reproduce in white marble the splendor of the house of the soul—a place for the meeting of God and man. That is what the house of the soul is for, good friend.

And I hope that I may convince you of its reality. So real is it that you take it with you into a prison cell as did Paul and Peter Ibbetson, and have a life of joy in the midst of wretchedness. Who fails to see that Colonel Newcome is vastly more real to-day than Thackeray, and David Copperfield, than Dickens? Thackeray and Dickens are dead. Newcome and Copperfield are living. This day and every day they are alive and busy.

May I tell you something of this little house in the air that is mine? There are now a goodly number of children in it and they're mostly a cheerful lot. When I enter it, my troubles fall away and my day passes like a dream. Great guests have shared it with me—Felix Holt and Maggie Tulliver and Silas Marner and Adam Bede and Jane Eyre and Pere Goriot and Colonel Newcome and Sedley and Martin Chuzzlewitt and Lady Deadlock and many others.

I do well remember my first guest. He came in the stillness of the night after I had committed some small offense. Perhaps it was stealing apples. He addressed me with a wonderful tenderness and authority and I was afraid. He was some one, I perceived, far greater than I.

He went into my great parlor as if quite familiar with the place and took my best treasure. It was a statue of Innocence, well fashioned out of the whitest marble, and it had been greatly praised and the treasure was dear to me. And he took it as if it was his right, and suddenly I knew myself and him.

My friend, you will build your real house with your imagination, not with your hands, and I would have you make it as beautiful as you can. I could wish that its windows should overlook the broad earth and the heavens above it and all the ages of history and that the truth and splendor of God should be shining through them. I could wish that it would be warmed with love and cheered with faith and filled with good company.

You may fill your home with treasures of art and excellent friends, while your house not made with hands may be a mean, joyless, noisome place. How is this real, lasting house of yours furnished? God grant that every noble art is represented there. Every

man, every woman should take time to look after its furnishing with some love and understanding of one or more of the arts. To all who can read or listen, the art of poetry is ever open. Out of its pages the greatest of the earth may enter your house and be at home with you—wits, heroes, saints, philosophers, statesmen.

And the question is not do you like them, but do they like you? If they do not like you and your house, they will decline to come at your invitation. If it be the resort of lewd and vulgar folk, no one of these great spirits will enter it. I pity the man or woman who has no friends in the Magic City of Romance to visit and break bread with him in the house of his soul on a lonely day. But see that they are not of its Tenderloin district. Noisome tramps are on every highway leading out of the City of Romance these days. They will rap at your door and if they find entertainment with you, they will come again, and, by and by, your house not made with hands is no better than a dog kennel.

If there were a lewd, rotten-hearted libertine in your community you would not invite him to your home to meet your daughter. But if he came he would do little harm. Anyhow, you could ask him to go when you pleased. But if a lewd book enters your home and the mind of your child it is there to stay. You may burn

it, you may throw it out of doors but you have not got rid of it. It laughs at you. This lewd and filthy tramp is practically married to your daughter. Not all the King's horses and all the King's men can put him out.

There was never a time when the house not made with hands was in greater danger. Filthy vats of foreign and domestic eroticism have been piped into it with faultless rhetoric. Its agents urge these things upon us in the name of emancipation from ancient prejudice.

There can be no shame, no modesty, no virtue, save it live in the hearts of our women. I am going to pronounce a word that has always been sacred in this country. I pronounce it not as an appeal to sentiment but to reason. That word is Mother.

Why has it been sacred and why should it ever be so? Woman, it is because your children must dwell with you and grow to manhood and womanhood in the house of your soul. No better they than you. And you can not fool them about it—or the great guest who every day will look in at your door—God.

Yes, every one has a house not made with hands. He can not get away from it nor can it get away from him, and he shall not move from it, I am persuaded, even when he departs from this fragile home of flesh

and blood. Our friends, our schools, our churches, our books, can only hope to help us build this changing home of ours and once it has become dear to us we can not bear to see it spoiled. It is not a rigid, inflexible structure. With you it grows or dwindles—becomes the more stately or the more repellent.

So I seem to see that every one is building his own heaven or his own hell. Here are the timbers of misery, there are the timbers of happiness. Take your choice. We shall sail off on the uncharted sea, each in his own ship, equipped and provisioned by his own hands, assured of his destination.

## THE CHEERFUL YANKEE

How often a man's virtues are improved by his remoteness. No man was ever so great as on the hundredth anniversary of his birth. It takes centuries to make a saint and only a minute to make a sinner, and neither is apt to be a self-made man. In my youth I had some confidence in my own capacity for sainthood, and I boldly entered a contest with the Pilgrim Fathers, who were the shining examples of all history in the land of my home. I ought to have known better. Sometimes I found a man who was easy, but, as a rule, no live man can compete with a dead one in the matter of keeping the Ten Commandments. If I lied everybody found it out. I was utterly disheartened until I heard one day that old Captain Smith himself claimed to have been stung by the tail of a codfish, and that a brother who used to sleep with the captain in the same pew had told of meeting a lion in the forests of Plymouth. My mother explained the matter by saying that probably they had dreamed it. Now, that may account for the fact that I became a dreamer instead of a saint. I resumed my contest with the

Forefathers, but along new lines. Even then I was no match for them, they made such astonishing strides in the art of dreaming. Well, the fact is, to sum it up in a word, our Forefathers were very human, and I for one can see no discredit in that. They had been the weapons of Providence, and now they were to be its heavy tools—axes, plows, harrows—and, rightly, they were made of iron. Sometimes it was rather rough and rusty iron and very plain, but they were good people. If any of you are looking for ancestors I recommend them. There are none more accommodating and successful. Why, as I explored the slopes of history I used to find fifteen children in a family and not one servant. Now, we see often fifteen servants and not one child.

Of course, as my readers will agree, life in those days was a prolonged battle and every house a recruiting station. I don't want to blame anybody, but the fact remains that if we had lived then every one of us would have been hanged—gladly and gratefully hanged before sunset, it may be. You had to go to meeting five times a week, for one thing, and be yelled at for hours. On the whole we may congratulate ourselves that the place of our Forefathers in history is so secure that they are not likely to escape from it. They were grand, heroic warriors. Theirs had been

the shield of the faith and the sword of the spirit. Naturally they needed enemies, and had them, and wore them out rapidly. It was their one extravagance. They were almost wasteful in their use of their enemies, but of course they knew how they could get new ones, and they enjoyed the discovery and even the manufacture of enemies, such as the witch and the Indian, to say nothing of the stinging cod and the lion of Plymouth.

Now when they arrived at last and king and nobles had ceased to harry them, they began their long campaign against nature: the smoothing and planting of the hills and valleys of New England. They discovered that a certain ancient trapper had arrived in advance of them and taken possession of the land, and set his snares round about it. They declared war upon him, and then began that long series of battles with Satan to which I shall have some occasion to refer again. Now when the family had scored against him and the heat of the fight was over the young men began to look for new battlefields. On came the first rank of the movers going west, feet of ox and man in the trails of the buffalo, the first of a million marches toward the setting sun, the occupation of the hilltops, the clearing of the farms, that era of neglected hair and whiskers when every man grew his own

halo. The head of the Yankee was never so fertile inside and out. The war continued in many an outpost on the hills. Some had gone far from the church and its penalties; some had neglected the tactics of their religion for the strategy of the horse trade. The Devil had entered many a man's heart in a counterfeit horse, even as the warriors of Agamemnon had entered Troy. Some had kept their faith in prayer, but had experienced the temporary consolation of profanity.

Many of the traps of the enemy had been sprung and were no longer dreaded, but the rum trade had begun to flourish and Satan had invented a new snare. It was red, and baited with the spicy odor of tropic isles. But the divorce court had not yet arrived, nor the "best sellers"—to be the storehouses of unmentionable, if not unreadable, crime.

Well, as I have said, the sons were ever moving to new scenes; there they separated, each choosing his own battlefield and fighting with ax and fire and like weapons. It was a little Gettysburg of stress and peril; its drum was the floor and flail, its bugle the dinner-horn. At the sound of the latter they charged upon base, insidious enemies—the baked bean, the salt pork, the West India molasses. Indoors, what a battle! Have you heard the droning of the spindle from

morning till night—ziz-z-z—and the rock of the cradle and the mother pacing back and forth the livelong day and singing as she rocked and spun songs of rest, but never resting, it would seem? Old John Robinson had written in a letter designed to convey comfort to the colony; that in a battle it was to be expected that divers should die.

And they did. My friends, life was so hard in places that a day of sickness was a luxury. The straight and narrow way was like a tight rope across a chasm with Hell in all directions save one. Men clung to life, but death cut them down. Then followed a wonder and a mystery that has made America what it is. Those men and women could not desert their posts. Each had chosen his battlefield and there he must remain were it only for the precious dust in its bosom; for, mind you, the souls of their beloved were there under the sod of the old farm waiting the sound of the last trumpet that should wake the quick and the dead; some might go, but some must remain to guard their sleep and, by and by, to join it. So the dead held the living to their tasks and the land became smooth and fruitful.

Now, through it all a wonderful thing had happened. As the lower fields were sown so were the upper—the fields of thought. In lonely places these

men and women had had to do their own thinking, and one lesson they had learned well: That a man reaps as he sows. They had found that kindness may increase like corn.

Have you ever heard of the piaz? These days we would call it a small veranda. What a symbol of change it has been! The Yankee had always lived in a darkened house. It would not have done to fade the carpet. Oh, those men and women were so careful to save things, from their souls down to the rag carpet under their feet! They used to tell the Yankee that he was a worm. "The stars are not pure in His sight; how much less man that is a worm," said the Prophet. In those dark rooms it was easy to believe this or at least to understand it. Many did. That is the reason there are so many old maids and old bachelors in New England. Why, when a young man met an angel he naturally hesitated about offering her a worm. But by and by there was a flicker of wings against the darkness of the Puritan home. The worm had come out of his chrysalis and was a butterfly. They made a little place for him outside the house, all overgrown with flowers and vines. He reveled there in the air and the sunlight. The piaz had arrived. It was a watch-tower of New England—a place of counsel and refreshment, of song and story. From it they could see the cars, the

teams, the beauty of the fields and the glory of the skies and the movements of their neighbors.

The Yankee had lifted his eye from his own soul which had been ever as a watched and beaten captive. He discovered many things outside himself, and chiefly, the fact that his neighbor's soul was perhaps better than his own. Then for the first time he came out of Judea and Egypt and entered into New England. He turned from Israelites to Americans, from death to life.

The poet entered the school books and the houses, as did the sermons of my revered friend, Dr. Lyman Abbott. The Yankee thought of the time when his wormhood had been greater than his manhood, and he laughed and humor was born in him.

I have briefly tried to suggest, but too inadequately, the sowing of the two fields; now I would especially ask all to consider what has happened in the upper fields. Of the fruit of that vineyard we have seen much, and its last crop has been the host of the young coming out of college, the great upreach for light. There are some who say that this has gone too far, but I wish to say that the Yankee is a far-seeing man. He has observed the hordes of human oxen pouring in from Europe, men who can sleep in a pig sty and dine on an onion and a chunk of bread, and he has been unwilling to enter his sons in that sort of competition,

and so he has sent them to college. Scientific farming has begun to pay.

I know a farmer whose income would excite the envy of high finance. He said to me: "Don't be afraid of education; the land will soak up all we can get and yell for more."

My friends, if I knew half the secrets in ten acres of land I believe I could make my fortune off them in five years. We have sent the smart boys to the city and we have kept the fools on the farm. We have put everything on the farm but brains. Anybody can learn Blackstone and Greenleaf, but the book of law that is writ in the soil is only for keen eyes. We want our young men to know that it is more dignified to search for the secrets of God in the land than to grope for the secrets of Satan in a lawsuit. One hundred thousand young men will be leaving college within a year from now. If the smartest of them would go to work on the land with gangs of these human oxen we could make the old earth lop-sided with the fruitfulness of America.

The hayseed is no more. The coming farmer is to be a gentleman, a scholar, a laird, a baron.

To sow the seed of truth and hope and peace
And take the root of error from the sod,
To be of those who make the sure increase
Forever growing in the lands of God.

*The Turn of the Tide*

## THE TURN OF THE TIDE

In eleven months of a recent year three thousand six hundred girls under nineteen ran away from their homes in New York City. They joined the big army of sixty-eight thousand missing persons who, in the same period, disappeared and were lost to those who had known them in the country at large.

As an old friend of mine was wont to say when we were in doubt of the trail, let us halt and look at the compass. The call of home sounds through every long avenue of nature. If it is resisted by either man or beast, something very unusual has happened. When so many throw their homes on the waste-pile, as they would a pair of worn-out shoes, it is an indication that their homes were not worth having. What an impressive protest arises out of the silence of this crowd of deserters! Their discontent is founded on the fact that homes in a big city are only for the rich and near-rich.

The sharpness of commercial competition has perfectly expressed itself in flats—the best of which may

be called *a*-flats and *b*-flats. From these they grade far down into the alphabet.

In winter, most of the flats are apt to be full of dead air, at least, of air that is aged and feeble. Dead hopes, dead aspirations and dead morals are the natural outgrowth of dead air. Children increase the irritation and discomfort of such a place. Therefore one or two children, or none at all, fill the measure of its accommodations. It may well shock us when we grasp the fact that about the best blood of our republic is thus housed and doomed to sad diminishment.

I have lived in sundry "high-class flats." They offered no middle and reliable ground of comfort between perspiration and chills. Fresh air was achieved only by a draft from open windows. Consider the items: about one hour of sunlight in the day; a perpetual, dusky twilight in the inner rooms; the dumb-waiter a dark pit of exasperation into which fell the verbal and material garbage of the big house—chunks of profanity, quarrels of cooks and icemen, the romantic slang of grocer boys and kitchen maids; the air-shaft resonant with midnight orgies from above or below; bovine men and porcelain-faced women in the elevators. A place like that is a camp just back of the battle-line of commerce. It is the great harvest-field of physicians and undertakers.

The crowded tenement with its flavor of husks and swine is even worse. It is a crime against civilization. We can not wonder that the young run away from such places and come not back to them.

Yet there are pleasant homes and plenty of work to be had in the country. Why do our people crowd into the cities and remain there? I fear it is because they love the excitement of the city, its strong appeal to the senses. If so, they are impelled by a base and short-sighted selfishness. The lure of cities is one of the greatest perils of our republic. It is weakening the sinews of American life. In my view, the great opportunities of the future are in the country and the village, and largely because they have been neglected for more than a generation.

For thirty-eight years I have lived near New York. I have seen many young men join its prodigious caravan. A few have made notable successes; many have not shown their heads above the crowd; many have dropped out of the ranks, prematurely broken by the strain of the struggle; some have lost even the little they brought with them and would think it good fortune to be quite forgotten. Mainly these invaders have done noble service in the schools, the law courts and the commerce of New York, but I think that most observers would agree that ninety-five per cent. of

them could have done better in the country villages. They would have had more leisure for study and reflection, larger families, better homes and better health, and opportunities no less inviting.

If we look abroad in the land, we shall find that our best men are not those who have yielded to the lure of great cities. John Burroughs stayed at home and became our most eminent man of letters. Our state and national legislatures are largely filled with men who have served the communities in which they were born until sent away to represent them as law-makers. Henry Allen gave his talents to the little city of Wichita until he left it to be Governor of Kansas. What is Emporia? We know only of it because it is the home of William Allen White—a national figure. Emporia is a small town with a big man in it. At that point, there is a glow on the map. What is Rochester, Minnesota? Who would know but for the distinguished work of the Mayos? What remarkable things have been done in that rustic village! The examples are innumerable.

If we consider the matter of material prosperity, I know of five men in a small village who have acquired greater wealth by staying at home than have any who have left it save one. It is probably true that the average business man in the country enjoys greater

comfort and happiness and a larger bank balance than the average business man in New York.

The inhabitants of the great cities are very largely composed of business and professional men who are hanging by their finger-tips over the abyss of failure. Many of them are worn out and disheartened by the strain before they are fifty. The city hospitals and asylums are filled with wrecks who have let go and dropped into the pit. The great city is the most distinguished man-killer the world has ever known. High voltage is hard on the wire. The nerves that carry much excitement are presently burned out. Is not the cause of the great and alarming increase of diseases of the heart to be found in this fact?

Most city people work in a narrow treadmill—home to office, an hour for luncheon, office to home, the nightly rough-and-tumble with the crowd, the evening papers, the theater, ten dollars, and a row with the cabman, home again convicted of idiocy and swearing-mad with weariness, bed, some one banging on the piano and trying to sing in the flat above. Up at seven, off with the crowd again. In summer two weeks in the Catskills or down on the Jersey coast. The effect is a narrow intellect set in an unsound body.

In a great city the mind of the average man has neither time nor strength for its most useful attitude,

that of composure for reflection. His memory is slowly weakened and becomes, by and by, utterly unreliable. This, because of the vast number of facts which, day by day, pass in and out of it—facts which it has no interest in retaining. It gets the habit of letting go. It becomes a worn thoroughfare instead of a storehouse. High voltage is burning out the wires.

The movement to big cities has produced a paucity of good political timber in the country districts. It has been hard to find eligible candidates for Congress. It is time we took account of the opportunities of the country. It need not be any longer the slow, narrow, provincial thing it was. The hayseed and the rube are gone forever. The telephone, the motor-car and the good roads have shorn down the miles of distance and deprived every farm and hamlet of their isolation. The country lawyer can now extend the diameter of his practise over a stretch of five hundred miles and be in daily communication with his clients. He need only demonstrate his ability to win cases and he will have all that he can attend to.

These days the farmer has a dry brow. With modern machinery an hour includes more accomplishment than a day did in my youth. I stood not long ago watching a hay-loader pick up its windrows with astonishing speed. "That saves a lot of time," I remarked to the farmer.

"And some backache and rheumatism," he answered. "I remember when every farmer I know had a crook in his back. We stand up as straight as anybody these days. Our souls are not ashamed of our bodies."

This farmer was well educated and one of the richest men in his township. He lived three miles from the village.

"I don't see so much loneliness around here as I used to," was my remark.

"Well, sir, loneliness has crept off into the bushes and died," he went on. "We can get to the village in ten minutes. We often run down in the evening for dinner or honk off to the movies or to hear a lecture at the town hall, and almost every day somebody comes out to see us."

What a contrast to the farm life I remembered! In fact, a farm with modern methods and some capable management, and the prices which have prevailed in the last decade, offers a high reward in money, comfort, good health and leisure for self-improvement.

Many of the country villages have been sadly neglected. I know a number of them which have had but slight growth, if any, in forty years. It is because their best young men have joined the procession on its way to the cities. The country villages have been bled white. They have lacked leaders of enterprise and

vision. At last the tide has turned. The young are beginning to leave the cities.

The country town should be awake to its new responsibilities. As a matter of course, it must have good schools and well-paid teachers. Every agency that ministers to the growth and comfort of the human spirit must have its day of reckoning. No more indecent shows in the movie-theater and the town hall; no more questionable dances in the gymnasium. The ideal village must have a country club and golf-course, the expense and advantage of which will be shared by the near-by villages and motor tourists and by former residents who enjoy coming back to the old sod. Its inhabitants must have a chance to hear the best music. It must have fewer and fuller churches and better paid and more effective ministers.

All this will require cash and courage and work for slow results. My friends, do not imagine that the task of building up the civilization of a community and making it a desirable place of residence is a mere side issue to be scrimped and lightly treated. It is the main thing, and your business and that of your neighbor is a side issue. For every dollar that is wisely put into it you will get a result in the value of your real estate, in the character of your children, in the happiness of your life. After all, the money which we may leave

to our children is not highly important to them. It will probably do more harm than good. The character they get while they are growing up is the all-important matter. Character is largely the child of environment. It is as much our duty to provide the proper environment for our children as to provide them with proper clothing. Once established, the work will go on to the immense advantage of posterity and of this republic.

## OLD TIMES AND NEW

I WOULD not here exalt the past and increase the depression of the present. The past is secure and the depression of this time is sufficient, but we must acknowledge that our poverty is inferior to that of old New England. Those Yankees enjoyed a proud and opulent poverty—it was almost snobbish at times. My father left me a large amount of it, and with rare talent for the task I managed, for a time, to increase my inheritance of poverty. I carefully chose a profession in which no man had ever got rich. I felt reasonably assured of enough honest poverty to last through my old age and give my children a proper start in life. It didn't work. I awoke one morning to find my poverty gone—everything swept away in a night. Friends came and wanted to know what they could do to help me. If you wish to learn how many friends you have, wait until your poverty takes wings.

An accident had happened—six months of imprudence had been enough—all was changed. My old-time joy in seeing how far I could make a dollar go, was no more. Now, the dollar seems to delight in

seeing how far it can make me go. It drives hard to compel me to keep up with my friends. Fellow-millionaires, most of us understand the nature of wealth. Among the thoughtless, wealth is considered an asset. We know it is a jack asset. We know that, in fact, it is a liability. That's why we recommend poverty to our friends. I bring a message of good cheer. In the sign of the times I see a ray of hope for all who are heavy laden with financial freight.

There are many things which our ancestors could learn from us. I've heard much of their industry, but compared with ours it was idleness. Here is an average day of Miss Abigail Foot, a Vermont girl, as set down in her diary in 1775:

Fixed gown for Prude and mended two others; mended mother's hood; carded tow; spun linen; worked on cheesebox; hetchelled flax with Hannah; pleated and darned; spooled a piece; milked the cows; spun fifty knots of linen; made a broom of guinea wheat straw; spun thread to whiten; set a red dye; carded two pounds of whole wool; spun harness twine; scoured the pewter; went to bed at nine.

I wish you to note that she went to bed at nine. Do you think that one of our modern girls would "knock off" at nine? Not at all. She sticks to her

task until midnight. She must have the industry of an ant, the beauty of a goddess, the grace of a gazelle, the digestion of an ostrich and the endurance of a Continental soldier. There's a task for you. Abigail had only to be an ordinary human being with nothing to do but work. There are things much harder to do than work. Abigail enjoyed the only luxuries this world affords—well-earned weariness, sound sleep, good digestion.

To begin with, our girl often has a pair of parents to bring up. They must be raised from a state of sordid commercialism into an atmosphere of art; they must be supplied with a new religion; they must learn the fear of fat and Tiffany. Here's an average day from the diary of a modern girl:

Got up; neck felt like a string on a toy balloon; ate toast and a boiled egg—hard work! [I observe that Abigail didn't mention these items, but they were not painful duties in her day]; had hair dressed and nails manicured; put a new ribbon on my dog and walked him around the block; took mamma's tiara to Tiffany's to be mended; looked at the brooches and necklaces; attended a meeting of charity committee; heard that there were many people out of work; went to the doctor's; must be careful about late hours and eating; lunched with Gladys; ate half a pound of chocolates and some cake; went to the dentist's, then home; dressed again; mamma and I went to a lecture on

the insane; mamma woke me at five; hurried off to Mabel's tea; danced an hour; home at seven; dressed and had a little visit with papa and my dog; went to Gladys' party; danced 'til midnight; went home; very cold, feet freezing; mamma kindly went to sleep; Ned did his best to keep me warm; to bed at one.

Talk of overwork, and hardship and insufficient clothing and poor pay! Why, this reads like the story of Washington's army in the winter of '77.

The Puritan conscience has been well advertised, but ours is easier to live with. Nowhere has the development of the human conscience been more apparent than in those men who have always been most in need of it. Take the liars of old New England; they were so industrious and reliable that they never fooled anybody. No one will deny that a New England conscience had a right to a holiday now and then, but the consciences of those men were always on a vacation. There was no middle ground, no golden mean. A man's conscience was either on duty night and day or it never worked. Conscience hath made cowards of our liars. They are half reformed. Their reputation is no guarantee of goods. You get them crowned and placed, and suddenly you discover that they have been impeached for telling the truth unexpectedly. The liar of to-day has often a surprising

amount of conscience. He's no cheap horse jockey. Often he's a railroad jockey. He gets hold of a railroad and then sells it all the cats and dogs in its vicinity, with himself acting as the buyer. It reminds me of what was said by an old Yankee whose wife had overstocked the farm: "Cats an' dogs are all right if they're well distributed, but it don't do to spread 'em too thick in one place."

I'm not recommending this refined prevaricator. He has more than he's entitled to. Often one more family than he is entitled to, and one more dog than he pays a tax on, but I want you to note that he's a gentleman. That shows progress.

To pause for a moment more in this lower stratum of life, modern culture has had its growing effect on the consciences of our thieves. What but a growing respect for decency has deprived the thief of his former frankness? By energy and close application our leading thieves have increased the scope and refinement of their calling and the respect in which it is held. Trolley lines and gilded steamboats and lighting companies have taken the place of sawdust and gold bricks. As distributors of the world's poverty they are most efficient. The old-time thief was a low-born, vulgar fellow. Often our thieves have family portraits and friends and a liberal education. The old-

timer stole your shirt off the line—that's the kind of a man he was. He put a little water in his milk. The modern thief puts a little milk in his water. He doesn't sell himself so cheaply.

I have heard often of the simplicity of old New England, but its homes were much more extravagant than ours. We have marble columns and carved oak and golden panels and oriental rugs all made by hired men. This bought splendor is very cheap and common when we compare it with even a farmhouse, of the better sort, in old New England. I can think of nothing so extravagant. The neighbors had come without pay to help raise and cover its frame. Human kindness had gone into its beams and rafters; the strength of the mother's hands, the colors in the maiden's face, had gone into the rag carpets and the spotless walls and windows. Youth and beauty and years stolen from life and hours stolen from sleep had been squandered upon that house, and then the minister had come and said, "Peace be with all who enter here," and what a sacred place it was! Often we took off our boots at the door as if it had been the Mosque of Omar. And what company we had—no rococo aristocrats, but real aristocrats—Tennyson, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Emerson, Dickens, Thackeray, Greeley, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lincoln, came into the light of the

evening lamp and spoke to us in the voice of the reader. When we get a Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Rich I hope that its members may be provided with homes as fine and as satisfying.

I have heard much of the boys and girls of the old time. They were a crude lot and suffered many disadvantages. Judge Sewall's diary tells how his girl Betty ran away and hid in the family coach when Captain Tuthill called and, I doubt not, the Captain was a handsome young man. What modern girl would do a thing like that? The boy didn't see so much of his girl those days. Something was left to his imagination. He was a coward anyhow. If a boy had been bad in school they made him sit with one of the gals, and after that he was careful. When she let him kiss her at last he never forgot it. To his simple mind there was a curious sublimity in the event. I suppose it was because the currency of love was on a gold basis. We have none of that sentimental nonsense these days.

We hear much complaint about the marriers of to-day, but in the old time they married early and often. Judge Sewall writes after he had been three times married: "I could lay my weary head in Mrs. Ruggles' lap if it could be brought to pass on honest conditions." With him marriage was a dissipation,

but he did insist upon honest conditions. To-day no man goes around in a panic looking for some lady who will let him lay his weary head in her lap. Our chief marriers are forehanded. They have found the new lap before they relinquish the old one.

I have heard much of the old Yankee's habit of keeping close to the soil. If that was his game, we can easily defeat him. We keep much closer to the soil than he did. His imagination and that of his children took the wings of the poet and the path of the eagle and journeyed far beyond all horizons. When we read the best seller of to-day whither does it call us? Is it up to the path of the eagle or down to that trail which is always in the dust? When it comes to keeping close to the soil there's where we're at home.

As to the ideals of the old time—often when I think of them I get a pain in my back. They were so distant, so abstract, so compulsory!

When I was eight years old I became a candidate for President of the United States. The nomination was a genuine surprise, for I had made no effort to secure it. As a matter of fact there were many things that looked better to me; I would have preferred the position of bass drummer in the band at the county fair, but there were those who thought they knew what I wanted better than I did. We lived in the land

of Silas Wright, who spent more time declining honors than did other statesmen in trying to get them. His party wanted him to run for President, but he wouldn't. So, to the Yankees of the North, the Presidential game looked easy. My father said that all I had to do was to be as good and as great as Silas Wright and my election was sure. Governor Wright had been dead for twenty years. I soon learned that he was the greatest man that ever died—there is no distinction like that. I had no sooner got command of the theory and technique of one of his virtues than he assumed another. When I had acquired his gift of working all day and studying a part of the night, they told me that he always spent an hour in the garden, pulling weeds before breakfast. I began to understand why he was dead and also why he was so talented. Everybody was watching me and nobody was watching Silas. By and by I discovered that there were other candidates for President in the neighborhood. The Silas game had also been tried on them. We candidates got together one day over in Howard's grove and discussed the issues. We were sick of the campaign—too many weeds in it. We all withdrew and ran away from school and spent a joyful afternoon at the old swimmin' hole. Next morning I came downstairs at breakfast time and found that the teacher had been

there. I observed a general air of depression in the family.

My father said in a kindly tone: "I thought that you intended to be President."

I told him that I had withdrawn.

Then he said: "Will you please come with me?"

I went. It was a beautiful summer morning, as calm as he. A song sparrow tried to hold up my heart. A squirrel looked down at me from a tree-top as if he had a hole to recommend. I followed in silence through the garden walk and out under the orchard boughs. Not a word was spoken. My father stopped and cut a sprout from one of the trees and then another and trimmed them as he walked. He stopped and whittled, looking down thoughtfully. I stood near him. After a moment of silence he said:

"I suppose you know the object of this meeting."

I admitted that I did.

"I've got ye a renomination for President," he said. "It was hard work, but I did it. If you'll only do your part I'll stand by ye."

Suddenly I heard a boy yelling down in the valley. It was the voice of an ex-candidate, in an outburst of enthusiasm as he reëntered the campaign. In a minute he knew that I was with him. The *argumentum ad puerem* was being administered throughout the val-

ley. It was unanswerable and a bit rough. It has passed. Now we have the *argumentum ad patrem.* More refinement! After all, what did this striving to be angels and Presidents amount to? Not one of us was ever elected.

Such was the little republic of the home when I was a boy. It had its chief magistrate, its small legislature, its department of justice. It had a little school of its own in which men were made. Two things were taught in it—loyalty and faith. Loyalty to the home and its ideals; faith in one's self. We've no more use for that little school. Too small! too much trouble! we are so busy making money and spending it we can't bother with making men. We educate our children by the thousand and no longer by the one. It's cheaper. Our learning, like our living, is syndicated.

There are six men who have done all the big things accomplished in America since 1850. They are: Commodore Vanderbilt, who gave us the railroad system; Abraham Lincoln, our greatest statesman; Thomas A. Edison, our greatest inventor; Horace Greeley, our greatest journalist; Samuel L. Clemens, our most original novelist; Walt Whitman, our greatest poet. Every one of them born in a cabin and mother made—educated in the little school of the home and only there—never went to college! I mention this not in dispar-

agement of the college, but only that the little old school of the home shall have its proper credit.

The little republic of the home played a part in the larger republics of the town and the county, and all were training schools for the still greater republics of the state and the nation. The foundation of all was the little republic of the home, and the foundation of that was its mother. The fathers of New England have received much praise, but we must go deeper for the sources of New England's power—to the mothers who kept themselves making men and women. I believe that a nation can only be made or unmade by its mothers.

## THE TWO CREDITS

I HAVE seen every variety of hard times. I think the most touching exhibition of it which ever came to my notice is seen at Newport and Palm Beach. Think of those ladies with nothing to wear but cloth so thin that their poor bodies suffer a publicity unknown since the days of Eve!

In the land of my youth there were many who suffered from a lack of sufficient clothing, but there were no such extreme cases as these. It was a poor country. I wonder, therefore, at our singular dislike of cash. We couldn't bear the sight of it. When a dollar came into the neighborhood it was, in a way of speaking, promptly arrested and put in prison. I got hold of a dollar once, in my youth, and kept it in solitary confinement in my wallet for a term of months. Many a poor, vagrant dollar wandered into that community and was never seen again.

There is a kind of robbery not mentioned in the statutes. It is the crime of robbing a dollar of its liberty and functions by hiding it away. Did you ever hear of a murdered dollar? It is one which has been

concealed until it is dead and worthless. Yet nobody warned me of these crimes.

I was reading the other day, in the old home paper, of a couple who had recently died of age and infirmity in the town of Dekalb. For years they had been supported by the charity of their friends and neighbors. Yet, after their death, the town authorities discovered the sum of twenty-six hundred dollars hidden in an old trunk under one of the beds. Of course a man who would be mean enough to treat money that way would be capable of taking stolen charity. It is an extreme case, but it indicates the lean of the timber in that vicinity, as they say in the woods—not now, but in the days of my boyhood. Money was like bad company. Many were glad to associate with it, but carefully and not when any one was looking. When they bought anything they rarely paid cash even if they had it.

The only man who seemed always to be proud of its companionship and willing to give it exercise and freedom and fresh air was the village drunkard. In his cups he was a proud and conceited man. To him, as a Chinese philosopher has said, the rest of the world was so much duckweed in a river. He regarded us all with a smiling contempt.

After all, the man had a brave soul in him. His

judgment was often sound. How much more lovable and admirable he was than the well-to-do man who let his father, spent with age, go to the poorhouse and die there! We all agreed that this drunkard was on the road to hell, but we would not have been quite so sure of the destination of the rich man who opposed every improvement and who swore he would never cross the new bridge because of the taxes which it had imposed upon him, and who kept his oath for years. Yet there could have been no worse drunkard than he. What a squanderer of the things worth having! On the whole, there was little work for money to do in that neighborhood but lie around and rest. Now and then some kind-hearted souls gave it exercise and amusement at the poker table. But such a light and reckless familiarity with cash was frowned upon as sinful. I do not defend it.

There seemed to be no proper accommodation for cash in the community. Naturally the dollars preferred to go where they were better treated. There were no very wealthy men. The general average of poverty was high. It was not extreme. It was, as I think of it now, a proud and sniffish poverty. My father had two hundred acres of land, only partly paid for, seven miles from a market, and a large family, only partly raised, after the panic of 1873. I began to earn money.

Soon after that my embarrassment in the presence of a dollar passed away. We became friends and companions, but were not unduly attached to each other.

When I was a boy the old earth was very different. It was another sort of planet. It was a comparatively poor and seedy world. But it was a proud world, with a spirit which had found its best voices in Lincoln, Gladstone, Whittier and Tennyson. But in a material sense it had made little progress.

Suddenly a new and commanding spirit strode upon the stage of life. It was the Genius of Invention. What a change it wrought! The forces of nature began to do the work of the strong arm. Currents of light and power swept over the earth bearing its messages and burdens. Men combined their means and their intelligence in large units for common purposes, under corporate management.

It was found that dollars did better work when their strength was combined in great teams. They could then haul a load which, theretofore, had been thought immovable. In a few years an investment, I know, bought at six dollars a share turned out to be worth twenty-five thousand. The men of faith and vision were rewarded far beyond their hopes, and rightly so.

Most of us, through ignorance of what was bound to come or through a lack of faith in it or an undue

regard for our cash, failed to participate directly in the profits. The man who kicks other people for his own lack of faith and vision is about the cheapest welsher in the game of life.

Under the urge of steam, electricity, and gasoline and organized effort, the world was moving fast. A new and wonderful thing was developed. It was business credit. It was found to be better than money. The world has never known a more civilizing force. Men began to trust each other. Money was dug out of holes and resurrected from many a like tomb and set free. A great fact was established: that men were mostly honest and that honesty really paid in credit and credit became the fullest word in modern life. We had long been familiar with moral credit. It had been the foundation of democracy. Any boy, however poor he might be, could establish credit for himself by industry and education and good character and become the custodian of large responsibilities. Material credit was, however, another thing.

The wealth of the world had been immeasurably increased. The day of the nimble six pence had been followed by the day of the nimble million. It was a day of greater happiness and comfort, of greater trust and confidence, a day of higher character. It was the beginning of modern civilization. Naturally men of

diverse talents have been engaged in this great game. Certain of the unlucky, who have established no credit, would like to grab everything on the table and make off with it. They do not believe in credit because they have none. Or in competition because they have been unequal to it. It is well for us, however, steadfastly to bear in mind that competition develops strength. It has made every great personality the world has known, and only on stepping-stones of personality has the world progressed. The game is mainly a fair one; let us have no welshers.

It is quite apparent, however, that we have been a bit intoxicated by our success. Just now we are a little too much like the village drunkard; we are a bit too reckless and conceited. Men who have performed prodigies are entitled to a degree of conceit. But if we carry it too far, we invite violence and trouble.

Just now we are like a ship without a compass, so many things have gone by the board. There are few men who earn their bread in the sweat of their brows. The sweating is mostly done by the engine and the golf-player.

The world is so much more beautiful and efficient and prosperous than ever before that we have acquired a kind of contempt for the past. But we may well take

off our hats and bow our heads with modesty when we think of the past. It is, in a sense, our father. But for what the past has done for us we would be living in the tree-tops, for it is the foundation of all that we have or may have.

We worship credit. I wish to invite the reader's attention to a thing which deserves the highest credit because it has been indorsed by all the men of high character, living and dead: it is the great body of the law, civil and moral, which has come down to us filled with the wisdom of the ages and which has survived all the changes and revolutions and conquests. That will not perish. It will go on, serenely, as of old, gathering wisdom and authority. Its strong hand is upon us. It contains the remedy of all our ills, even for the selfish and blind conceit of the Bolshevist.

A great peril of our time is a deep, popular distrust of our Captains of Industry. Many have neglected their moral credit. Mr. John D. Rockefeller recognized this truth years ago and began to establish moral credit for himself and now he is no longer criticized. Any man who does that will win the love and confidence of the crowd.

One thing we have a right to expect and demand from the man who has achieved success because he is a natural leader and captain of his community: namely,

that he respect this great body of the law, in whole and in part, in its letter and its spirit. No leader is either safe or great who has not the two credits.

Our riches have produced a deeper poverty than that of our fathers. In many American homes we need a reestablishment of moral credit—a task for the women, in which the church ought to be able to offer a strong and helpful hand.

*The Coming Man*

## THE COMING MAN

THE curtain is rising for a new act in the world's drama. The stage is set for great scenes. A climax in the story is approaching. The audience is keenly watching the entrances. Greater players than it has ever seen are presently to come on the stage. The trumpets have sounded.

This briefly is the situation to-day. Yet, it would appear that not many have taken thought of it. The spirit of man has had a new birth. The broken chains of disease and hardship and drudgery and distance and aging pain are falling from it. The strength given to those burdens may now be applied to a nobler use. Fifty years ago, young men and women were exhausted and broken by hardships which we do not have to suffer. Their bodies were racked, their strength wasted by malaria, rheumatism, decaying teeth and many ills for which there was, then, no adequate remedy. Their homes were insufficiently heated, poorly ventilated and a peril to their health. Many gave their vitality to tasks fit only for machinery or the dumb beast. A former friend of mine used to say that a

man who loved to saw wood was either a liar, a horse or a fool. Having sawed wood, I agree with him. Our fathers squandered their strength and time in slow and toilsome travel. The surgeon, the dentist and the inventor have more than doubled the effectiveness of human energy. They have extended the period of youth so that often it fills and animates the serenity of age.

The old earth itself has had its youth renewed. The surgery of the plow, the spade and the drain-pipe have imparted to it a fairness and freshness and beauty appropriate for the dwelling of a nobler race.

When Washington was urged to accept the Presidency in 1788, he pleaded that his advanced age disqualified him for such a task. He was then fifty-six. Lincoln thought himself old at fifty. People called him "Old Abe" in those days. Indeed he was old—older than one of seventy in this fuller time. It must be remembered, too, that both of these men had been blessed with unusual strength and vigor. They were younger than most men of their age and day.

Now, the average man of fifty-six is likely to have good health and the spirit of youth. When his work is done, he plays. The swift foot is no longer the exclusive possession of the young. The gas-engine has given it to all. The man who has lost his youth has

gone wrong. Perhaps it was crushed and beaten out of him in his boyhood so that he never had any.

Not long ago I learned an amazing fact, namely, that there are no aged people in the world, or so few that they are not easily discovered. They seem to have retired to that ample asylum called history. I have many friends from five to eighty-six years of age, but they are all boys and girls. The world has become a great playhouse, and work—for him who has really found his task—a series of thrilling games.

I was playing golf the other day with a famous publisher—a man as old as Washington when he declined the Presidency on account of his age. Suddenly I discovered the publisher standing on his head beside the tee.

"What's the matter?" I asked.

"Nothing but a case of chronic childhood," was his answer.

There was another man well beyond middle life in our threesome. We decided to show our friend the publisher that he was not the only man with frisky feet. In a moment two other pairs of heels were up in the air and a bald pate and one with an ample silver thatch on it were touching the grass, while a mocker in a tree-top laughed at our folly.

We are in another Springtime of the Ages. Doubt-

less many of us have been tempted to celebrate its arrival with too much play. There is a danger in the situation. It is natural that it should be so. The fact remains that the average man has a surplus of freed strength at his command which he never had before. When he begins to feel the import of this great reality, we shall have men to match it. We must get ready for them. I could wish that the women would take this to heart. They are chiefly responsible for the future.

In the back country of Connecticut I found the father of two distinguished men. He was an old gentleman.

"This is a lonely land," I remarked when we met.

"Well, sir, lonesomeness is a good friend when ye git well acquainted with it," said he. "As a friend, you'll find it just as good as you are and no better. Look at that piece of woods there. Not one in ten o' them trees can live—they stand so thick. Don't get air and sunlight enough, an' they're all alike. Look at that oak that stands alone in the pastur'. It's about a hundred feet high. It has strength and character."

"I came to learn the secret of your success in raising boys," I said. "You've given two big men to the country and I want to know how you brought them up."

"Well, sir, big men have always had good judgment

in choosing their mothers," said he. "A boy can be careless in picking out his father, but his mother has got to be a good woman. Another thing to remember is this: about all ye can do for a boy is to give him a chance to make himself."

"Do you think that the country is better than the town for boys?"

"The country is the best place for making men. After they are made it doesn't matter where they go. They will always find work as big as they are."

"Do you believe in colleges?"

"I do. They help a boy to find his work and some good friends, and life is mostly a matter of finding friends and serving them."

Often I have thought of the statement of the wise old gentleman that great men have always had good judgment in choosing their mothers. One thought had been an inspiration to the women of Palestine long before the reign of Augustus—the honor of giving birth to the promised king might come to any one of them. They had been taught to prepare their hearts and houses for that event. Every woman's heart and home should be ready for the coming of a greater man than the world has yet seen. He is one of the strong probabilities of our time. How many noble kings of imperishable fame have come to us in the most

unexpected places—chiefly from women worn with toil in the little houses of the poor! Rich women have rarely been so highly honored, largely because their faith and strength have been given to little things.

Many people go to Winter Park, Florida, every year to see the famous Temple orange-tree. No one is able to account for this tree. When put in the ground it was supposed to be like other plants in the grove. In the first year of its bearing they discovered that this little tree had a mind and an art of its own. The new tree had a magic gift of drawing from the air and soil, a matchless color and a rich ambrosial nectar the like of which no tongue had ever tasted.

A friend of mine says that the Temple orange-tree ought to be named Abraham Lincoln—it is so like that poor lad who was born in the backwoods of Kentucky—a common variety of human being who had a magic power of drawing from his environment a flavor all his own.

The springs of individual power are in the garden of youth. Our greatest men have been home-made and trained in the school of experience. They never went to college. They are Washington, Lincoln, Greeley, Edison, Mark Twain, Whittier, Commodore Vanderbilt.

My wise friend spoke of the power of faith in the heart of youth. From my reading it would appear

that ministers have had a good deal to do with the making of America. They were the teachers of the old time. Their chief concern was the faith of the people and especially the faith of the young. Lowell says in his essay on old New England that they taught "faith in God, in Man and in Work." They taught also faith in America. They must have been right in all of this, for what wonderful things have come of it! There is, indeed, some Power above us all which is in love with great plans and eager to help in their accomplishment.

So are we face to face with a consummation full of the promise of a greater world. The human intellect is to have a largely extended term of productiveness. The vigor of youth will cooperate with the wisdom of age in one and the same person. If the faith of youth is not lost in the process, greater men are to walk the earth than history has yet known.

The wise old gentleman said that a great man has good judgment in choosing his mother. He must also have good judgment in the choice of a wife.

I knew a man whose horses were always running away and breaking his wagon and putting his life in danger. I asked him to explain it.

"Well, sir, that nigh hoss used to be steady," he said. "But if ye hitch up a good hoss with one that

hasn't any brains ye're liable to have three fools on the place—yourself an' both hosses. I've noticed that foolishness is awful ketchin'."

So it would appear that the future is up to the women.

*Sense Common and Preferred*

## SENSE COMMON AND PREFERRED

THE military spirit, backed by a sense of inherited greatness, is raising its voice in Italy. Therefore let us not forget the one big thing we have learned through great loss and sorrow.

Of all the defects that flesh is heir to, inherited superiority is the most deplorable. It is worse than insanity or idiocy or curvature of the spine. There are millions of acres of land in Europe occupied by nothing but a sense of inherited superiority; there are millions of hands and intellects and billions of wealth employed in its service and embellishment. A man who has even a small amount of it needs a force of porters and footmen to help him carry it around and a guard to keep watch for fear some one will grab his superiority and run off with it when his back is turned.

A full equipment of inherited superiority decorated with a title, a special dialect, a lot of old armor and university junk stuck out so that there wasn't room for more than one outfit in a township. Most of the bloodshed has been caused by the blunders or the

hoggishness of inherited superiority. It has been the nursing bottle of insanity—the Mellen's food of crime. It has turned a respected emperor into a lonely hermit and conferred upon him the lasting title of William Asininus.

There are two kinds of sense in men—Common and Preferred, plain and fancy. The common has become the great asset of mankind; the preferred its great liability. Our forefathers had large holdings of the common, certain kings and their favorites of the preferred. The preferred represented an immense bulk of inherited superiority and an alleged pipe line leading from the king's throne to Paradise and connected with the "fount of every blessing" by the best religious plumbers. It always drew dividends whether the common got anything or not. The preferred holders ran the plant and insisted that they held a first mortgage on it. When they tried to foreclose with military power to back them, some of our forefathers got out.

To save time, I ask your license to resort to the economy of slang. A man might do worse these days. There is one great destroyer of common sense. It is hot air. Now, hot air has been the favorite dissipation of kings. James the First, was one of the world's great consumers of hot air. He and his family and

friends took all that Great Britain could produce—never, I am glad to say, a large amount, but enough to put James into business with the Almighty. To be sure it was not a full partnership. It was no absolute, Hohenzollern monopoly of mortal participation. It was comparatively modest, but it was enough to outrage the common sense of the British. After all, divine partnerships were not for the land of Fielding and Smollett and Scott and Swift and Dickens and Thackeray. Too much humor there, too much liberty of the tongue and pen, too great a gift for ridicule. Where there is ridicule there can be no self-appointed counsellors of God, and hand-made halos of divinity find their way to the garbage heap.

Now, if we are to have sound common sense, we must have humor, and if we are to have humor, we must have liberty. There can be no crowned or mitred knave, no sacred, conceited idiot, who is immune from ridicule; no little tin deities, who can safely slash you with a sword, unless you give them the whole of the sidewalk. Humor would take care of them—not the exuberance that is born in the wine press or the beer vat.

Wit is not a by-product of the brewery. It comes out of a sane mind in the act of vindicating common sense with ridicule. Solemnity is often wedded to

Conceit and their children have committed most of the crimes on record. You may always look for the devil in the neighborhood of some solemn and conceited ass who has inherited power, and who, like the one that Balaam rode, speaks for the Almighty. Asses seem to have acquired that habit. So when the devil came back he steered for Prussia. There he began to destroy the common sense of a race with the atmosphere of hell which is hot air. We have seen its effect. It inflates the intellect. It produces the pneumatic rubber brain—the brain that keeps its friends busy with the pump of adulation; the brain, stretched to hold its own conceit, out of which we can hear the hot air escaping in streams of boastfulness. The divine afflatus of an emperor causes as much disturbance as a leaky steam pipe. When the pumpers cease because they are weary, it becomes irritated. Then all hands to the pumps again. Soon there is no illusion of grandeur too absurd to be real, no indictment of idiotic presumption which it is unwilling to admit. By and by, it breaks into the realm of the infinite and hastens to the succor of God, He being slow and old-fashioned.

Thereafter, it seeks to turn the heavenly throne into a plant for the manufacture of improved morals, and so as to insure their popularity, every agent for these morals is to carry a sword and a gun and a license to

use them. The alleged improvement consists in taking all the "nots" out of the ten commandments. "Nots" are irritating to certain people who have plans for murder, rape, arson and piracy. Hohenzollern and Krupp had taken the Lord into partnership and were to show Him how to hasten the slow process of evolution. Evolution was hindered and delayed by sentiment and emotion.

Sentiment and emotion were a needless inheritance. Hohenzollern and Krupp proposed to cut them out of life and abolish tears. Tears consumed the time and strength of the people. They were factors of inefficiency. They didn't pay. What was the use of crying over spilt milk and dead people? Tears were in the nature of a luxury. The poor could not afford them. Life was not going to be lived any longer—it was to be conducted. It was to be a kind of a hurried Cook's tour. Nobody would have to think or feel. All that would be attended to by the proper official. Life was to be reduced to a merciless, iron plan like that of the bee-hive—the most perfect example of efficiency in nature with its two purposes of storage and race perpetuation. No one ever saw a bee shedding tears or worrying about the murder of a drone. The ideal of Germany was to be that of the insect.

It is not the first time that Conceit and Kultur have

hitched their wagon to infinity. It is the old scheme of Nero and Caligula—the ancient dream of the pneumatic prince. He can rule a great nation, but first he must fool it. First, he must induce his people to part with their common sense and take some preferred—a dangerous quality of preferred. This he can do in a generation by the systematic use of hot air. He begins his work on the tender intellect of childhood. You can rob a child of its capacity for common sense as easily as you can take its candy.

Every school, every pulpit, every newspaper, every book became a pumping station for hot air and new morals. Poets, philosophers, orators, teachers, statesmen, romances were summoned to the pumps. For thirty years, Germany had been on a steady dream diet. It took its morning hate with its coffee and prayers; its hourly self-contentment with its toil; its evening superiority with its beer and frankfurters. History was falsified, philosophy bribed, religion coerced and corrupted, conscience silenced—at first by sophistry, then by the iron hand. Hot air was blowing from all sides. It was no gentle breeze. It was a simoom, a tornado. No one could stand before it. Not even a sturdy Liebknecht or an unsullied Harden. Germany was inebriated with a sense of its mental grandeur and moral pulchritude.

Now moral pulchritude can not stand the fierce glare of publicity. It can not be advertised like beer and dye and sausages. The Military Party had sold it to the children of Germany in the schools, and a time came when they were trying to sell it to the world. We were asked to believe that the Germans were the chosen people. Other races were God's enemies and therefore enemies of the German race. So it became the right and duty of the Germans to reach out and possess the earth and its fulness. The day had arrived.

Their great leader, in their name, had claimed a swinish monopoly of God's favor. His was not the contention of James First, that all true kings enjoy divine right—oh, not at all! Bill had grown rather husky and had got his feet in the trough and was going to crowd the others out of it. *He* was the one and only.

Now the thing that has happened to the criminal is this. In one way or another he loses his common sense. He ceases to see things in their just relations and proportions. The difference between right and wrong dwindles and disappears from his vision. He convinces himself that he has a right to at least a part of the property of other people. Often he acquires a comic sense of righteousness.

Now if the last few years have taught us anything

it is this: The superman is going to be unsupered. Considering the high cost of upkeep and continuous adulation he does not pay. He is in the nature of a needless tax upon human life and security. His mistakes even, to use no harsher word, have slaughtered more human beings than there are in the world. The born gentleman and professional aristocrat, with a hot-air receiver on his name, who lives in a tower of inherited superiority and looks down at life through hazy distance with a telescope, has and can have no common sense. He has not that intimate knowledge of human nature which comes only of a long and close contact with human beings. Without that knowledge he will know no more of what is in the other fellow's mind and the bluff that covers it, in a critical clash of wits, than a baby sucking its bottle in a perambulator. He fails and the cost of his failure no man can estimate. He stands discredited. As a public servant, he is going into disuse and his going vindicates, at last, the judgment of our forefathers regarding like holders of sense preferred. It is a long step toward democracy and the security of the world.

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The Captains and the Kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,

An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Lest we forget the innumerable dead, who have nobly died, and the host of the living who, with a just and common sense and love of honor have sent them forth to die. Lest we forget that we and our Allies have not been above reproach; that there were signs of decadence among us—in the growing love of ease and idleness, in the pulling down of woman, in a very definite degeneration of our moral fiber.

This speech delivered to the New England Society of New York in December, 1917, is presented here because of the profound impression it made and because of its unique and amusing treatment of a phase of recent history. It was preceded by these remarks of President A. Barton Hepburn.

"The next speaker you have heard before. He is especially near to me, for we both came from that north country made famous by his pen. We have for each other the friendship of youth, broadened and deepened by the close contact of many years. He has devoted himself to literature, has created worlds of his own, given them flora and fauna, peopled them with his characters, created environment and led them

through the incidents and experiences that make up human life.

"His books, with great charm and felicity, portray human nature, its foibles, its weakness, its shrewdness, its strength, its loyalty, its devotion, its honor, its heroism, and throughout all his writings there goes the moral born of a New England conscience.

"I remember years ago, many years ago, he announced his purpose to resign a salary of $10,000 a year as one of the editors of one of our great New York daily papers, in order to be free to write books—some salary at that time. I thought: Well, there is but one thing for his friends to do—get together and kindly, but firmly, insist upon the appointment of a guardian. After the popular sale of one of his books passed the 800,000 mark, it was deemed safe to leave the guardianship in abeyance.

"Together with rod and gun and camera, we have explored all sections of the North American continent.

"Bacheller is about everything that I am not: I get mad in a minute—he is the personification of calm, deliberate, unruffled, judicial determination. I rush pell-mell to catch a train—he gathers in all the impedimenta desired, serenely confident that the last man through the gate arrives at the end of the journey as soon as any one. In camp I hit the trail long before

light and work with intensity to produce results—Bacheller arises betimes, dons his apparel, partakes of food, and anon saunters afield, and in the waning day he is likely to make camp with the prize trophy. I have always regarded the head as headquarters for ideas, not a loafing place for hair. Bacheller proves it is both. We get on well together; I like him, and it is with great pleasure that I present him to his audience.

"His toast is 'Refinement,' and in view of his association with myself in the past, I have no doubt he will handle it in a masterful manner."

THE END

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